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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription, \$3.00 in U. S. and Possessions; \$3.50 in Canada and the countries of the Pan American Union. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Printed in the United States. Copyright, 1940, by The American Mercury, Inc. Entered as second-class

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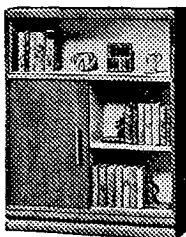
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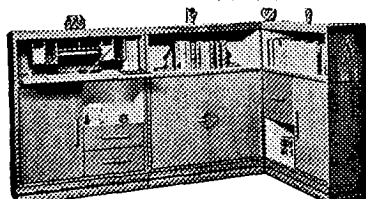
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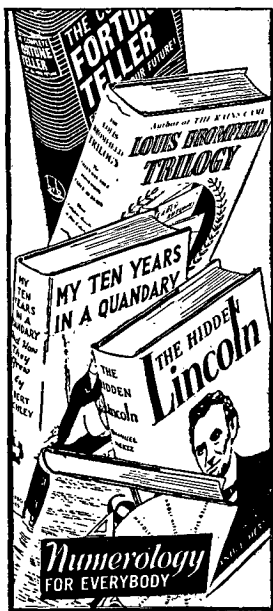
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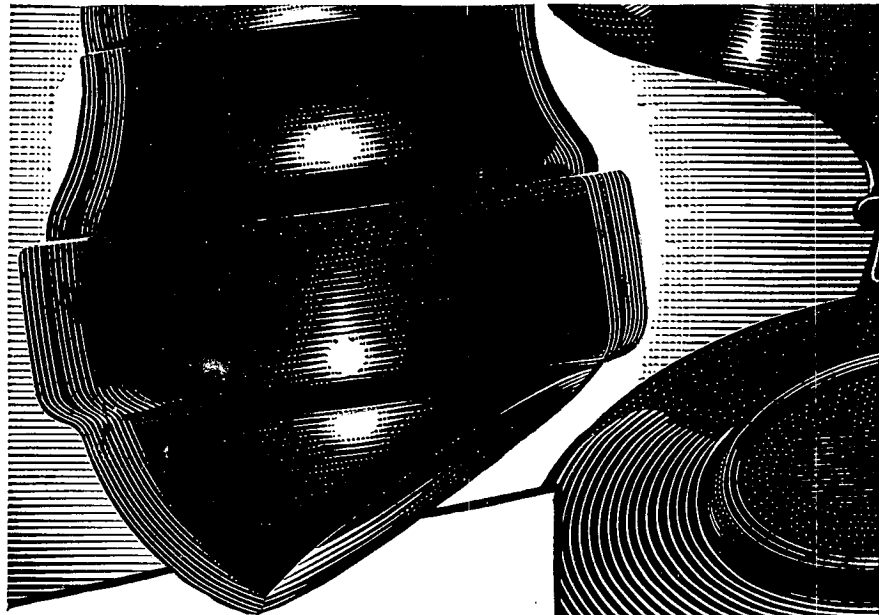
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WE CAN STOP JAPAN

BY ROBERT AURA SMITH

THE United States is facing grave danger in the Far East. But the danger is not made in Tokyo. It is made in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago and a thousand towns the size of Boonville, Indiana. That danger is not the peril of a military defeat or, for that matter, the hazard of even a first-class fight. It is rather the danger of running away from our clean-cut obligations and our well established commercial and political advantages instead of having wit enough to stand our ground. If all of Asiatic politics is a poker game, the United States is in the process of slipping Japan the joker under the table, and throwing in an American hand that holds all the aces.

The vast majority of Americans dislike the idea of a Japanese con-

quest of East Asia. Our State Department has made it plain that we do not approve of the throttling of our trade and of the repeated violation of the rights and interests of our nationals. Yet we have allowed ourselves to drift into the conviction that there is nothing that we can do about it.

If Japan moves "inspectors" into Indo-China, that is deplorable. If Japan forces a harassed Britain to close the Burma Road, that is another shameful "Munich," but we can only voice our disapproval. If Japan decides to seal hermetically the ports of China against our legitimate commerce and to exterminate, by daily bombing, the legal government of China, which we have recognized and continue to recognize, that is very dreadful,

but our two-ocean navy is still "on order." If Japanese fascism swings firmly into the saddle with an avowed program of driving us out of Asia, of destroying our billion-dollar Asiatic trade, of seizing our quarter-of-a-billion-dollar fixed property investment in China alone, of shutting off our access to our supplies of rubber, tin, coconut oil, hemp, quinine, antimony, tungsten and tung oil, of closing our Chinese and Malayan markets, of taking over our Philippine wards, of subjecting our unwary nationals who are rightfully in Asia to enough personal persecution to get them and keep them out of the Far East, of dynamiting our treaty structures and our Asiatic foreign policy, that is all doubtless very distressing, but we are supposedly helpless. We must not become "involved." We must wait until we have 2,000,000 soldiers and twice as many battleships as all the rest of the world put together before we can say "boo" to the Japanese.

The Administration in Washington, having placated Japan in practice while supporting China in words, must carry the largest part of the blame. It resorted to economic half-measures, such as "moral embargoes," and high-sounding protests not implemented by action, though it had — and has

— decisive forms of pressure at its command. Like the rest of America, the Administration has gagged at the palpable hypocrisy of a new "order" in East Asia, but it has swallowed the lie of our inability to stop the outrage, and dished out the same lie to the American people. It has closed its eyes while American industry supplied to Japan the very weapons with which Japan is now threatening to drive us out of the Orient.

In the precise week in which the Congress of the United States voted the first lump of a ten-billion-dollar naval appropriation, the Japanese placed the largest order on record in the United States for scrap iron to build the Japanese ships that make the two-ocean navy necessary. In the same week that the United States protested against the closing of the French railway from Haiphong into Yunnan, the United States sold Japan enough fuel oil to take a Japanese fleet from Hainan into Haiphong to see that her "inspectors" were respectfully received and that the road stayed closed.

On the same day that Secretary of State Cordell Hull told the Japanese that the United States objected to the closing of the Burma Road, the Japanese factories were working overtime to turn Amer-

ican ferro-alloys, American copper, American chemicals and American lead into the ammunition for the expedition against Hong Kong, if the road were not closed. The very American ship that hastily evacuated American and British women and children from Hong Kong had very probably unloaded at Yokohama, on the same trip, American war materials to slaughter those same women and children if they remained. Only at the end of July did the Administration finally get around to the preliminary step toward shutting off supplies of oil and scrap iron to Japan; it prohibited their export without government license. Then it embargoed shipment of airplane gasoline to countries outside this hemisphere. Presumably Japan can still fuel its navy with American oil.

Throughout this entire period in which we have been painfully persuading ourselves that there was "nothing we could do about it" we have systematically supplied Japan with the materials that have created the problem. We have nurtured the Japanese war machine carefully since 1937. We have finally made it almost entirely dependent upon our continued tolerance and good will. And now, when it is clearly turned against us and against our interests, we sigh re-

gretfully that we are relatively helpless. At the precise time *when Japan is most vulnerable*, we accept the theory that she is invincible. At the precise time when we have the greatest elements of strength, we lament our weakness.

II

What the Administration and the country have overlooked is the degree to which Japan is dependent upon the United States for the prosecution of her wars in Asia. That dependence was setting in long before the European war. In 1937 Japan obtained 54.4 per cent of her total war materials from the United States. In 1938 this percentage had risen to 57.07. The onset of the war in Europe caused an abrupt rise in Japanese war material purchases in this country. Between August and October, 1939, Japanese purchases in the United States jumped 21 per cent. By the end of the year the dependence had become so great that Japan, for the year as a whole, had obtained two-thirds of her imported war materials from us. Last year the Japanese spent just about a quarter of a billion dollars in the United States. Of that sum, seventy-three cents out of every dollar went for war materials.

The onset of the European war is presumably the reason why we must now "appease" Japan. Actually, it is the onset of the war that has made Japan completely dependent upon our continued cooperation in the demolition of East Asia. Prior to September, 1939, Japan obtained fairly large parts of her war supplies from the European states now belligerent. In 1937, for example, Japan got 22.33 per cent of her war materials from the British Empire, 9.35 per cent from Netherlands India, and 3.05 per cent from Germany. In 1938 she got 20.69 per cent from Britain, 8.62 from Netherlands India, and 7.68 from Germany. That made up a third of Japan's supplies, and that third has now been largely diverted to the United States.

The result is even more striking when individual categories are considered. In 1937 we supplied 62.71 per cent of Japan's petroleum. At the present time we are supplying 85 per cent. In 1937 we supplied 88.01 per cent of Japan's scrap iron. At the present time we are supplying 95 per cent. In 1937 we supplied 79.53 per cent of Japan's ferro-alloys. At present we are supplying 88 per cent. In 1938 we supplied 90.8 per cent of Japan's copper. In 1939 we supplied 99 per cent.

Sometimes the American conscience is eased by the glib statement that if we didn't supply those materials someone else would. But we are not concerned now with sops to conscience; we are looking for the facts. Who will supply that petroleum? Russia? Japan is a hereditary enemy. Germany has first call on whatever petroleum exports Russia can muster, and Stalin has a few needs of his own. Netherlands India? Forty per cent of its oil production is in American hands, so that is out. Of the remaining 60 per cent, almost all is held by the British-Netherlands Royal Dutch-Shell combine and is one of Britain's major sources. Will the British, in the midst of a fight for their lives, deprive themselves of needed fuel to give it to the Japanese for an attack on Hong Kong? There is Mexico, and that famous pipe line — but it has to be built first.

Where will Japan get her scrap metal? Certainly not in Europe, when the British are tearing down the lamp posts and the Germans are melting up the medals. Where will the copper be obtained? South America? If so, smelters will have to be erected. And more than that, unless Japan will sacrifice the last dwindling remainder of her gold supply she will have to pay South

America in goods, and the copper-producing countries are not receptive, at the moment, to large-scale dumping of low-cost Japanese manufactures.

Japan is able to pay for her purchases in the United States, in part, because of her continued large sales of raw silk to this country. No other potential source of war materials is in a position to absorb a great Japanese export product such as silk. This is the second point at which the United States holds the whip hand, as far as Japan is concerned. The channeling of Japanese imports from "consumer goods" to "producer goods," in other words from materials for peacetime trade into materials for war, has caused a sharp decline in all of Japan's foreign trade and especially in textiles and small manufactures. The result has been an increase in the relative importance of sales of raw silk. Those sales constitute about three-fourths of Japan's total exports to the United States at the present time. In 1939, for example, our total imports from Japan were \$161,082,000. Our raw silk imports were \$120,852,000.

We are not only Japan's most important supplier of war materials but its only important customer for the raw silk that brings in the necessary foreign exchange.

There is a third point at which Japan is vulnerable. The total Japanese economy has been so gravely undermined by more than three years of expensive and inconclusive warfare in China that a major disruption of what remains of Japanese trade would be almost as serious a blow as the stoppage of war materials. It is perhaps natural to think that a one-party fascist government comes into power as the symbol of Japan's strength. It is more likely that it comes into power as the dramatic admission of Japan's weakness. There is reason to believe that the urgency for ending the "China affair" is based upon economic conditions in Japan that are steadily deteriorating. The "China affair" was supposed to be a six months' skirmish. It has turned out to be a three years' war, with real victory as far away from Japan as on the day when the first shot was fired.

We do not need to fall into the fallacy of assuming that the moment a nation's bookkeeping shows up in the red there will be an immediate military collapse or a revolution. But avoiding that fallacy, there is abundant evidence that all is not well in Japan and that things have gone from bad to worse. The Japanese budget in 1931-32 was 1,477,000,000 yen. For the year

1940-41 it is 10,633,000,000 yen. That increase would be meaningless if it were not seen in relation to the national income. That income in Japan is estimated for this year at about twenty billion yen. The current budget, therefore, is the rough equivalent of what the American budget would be at \$35,000,000,000. The present national debt in Japan is approximately twenty-five billion yen, three times its size before the China "incident" started, and in excess of the national income. The weakness of this position has been demonstrated by the drop in the ability to absorb further bond issues. The banks and the public have reached exhaustion on this point. The loan late in 1939 dropped 60 per cent below the allotted total. The unabsorbed bonds are in the Bank of Japan.

This weakness has been reflected in military operations. As long ago as November, 1939, the correspondent of the *New York Times* reported that neutral observers had reached the conclusion that the Japanese force in South China was operating on a twenty-four-hour basis because of its lack of resources and physical replacements. It was reported in May of this year that the Japanese Air Force could not sustain many losses because the money was wanting to make them good.

This weakness is being translated, moreover, into terms of the living conditions of the Japanese people. The Bank of Japan admits a rise in living costs of more than one-third. The *Oriental Economist*, published in Tokyo, gives some rather more drastic figures for some of the common necessities. Here are some of the percentages of increases in prices in the first two years of the war only: bleached cotton, 128 per cent; cotton flannel, 165 per cent; wheat flour, 19 per cent; beef and pork, 40 per cent; starch, 34 per cent; salted salmon, 69 per cent; matches, 71 per cent; shoes, 82 per cent; absorbent cotton, 64 per cent. During this past year there have been rice shortages, charcoal shortages, power failures. Obviously, all is not well in the land of the cherry blossoms.

III

Thus the peril that we face in Asia is from a war machine that cannot operate unless we supply its materials, backed up by an economic structure that will not exist unless we continue to sustain it. It is in fear of that sort of might that we have compromised our national conscience; that we have pussy-footed our way into a "moral embargo" that affected exactly 1.3

per cent of our total war shipments to Japan; that the President of the United States felt obliged to omit, conspicuously, any mention of scrap iron when he talked about possible military materials whose export might have to be curtailed. (Weeks later, after a one-party fascist-type government had been set up in Tokyo and a lot of predatory mischief accomplished, Washington belatedly put scrap iron on the list of materials whose export must be licensed and can therefore readily be stopped.) It was in full knowledge of these tremendous Japanese weaknesses that Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, former Commander in Chief of the United States Asiatic Fleet, said, as early as March of this year: "It would be suicidal for Japan to engage in another major war with a powerful enemy."

Admiral Yarnell, who saw the onset of the more recent Japanese aggression at first hand, is certainly in a position to speak with authority. Congress thought so much of his judgment and his courage in Asiatic affairs that they gave him the Distinguished Service Medal. In the same letter to Senator Lewis B. Schwellenbach, from which the above quotation is taken, Admiral Yarnell pointed out that the Japanese have continued their reckless

course of action precisely because they are convinced that the United States will do nothing to stop them. He says: "Evidently there is a belief in Japan that no danger of a war with the United States exists through their actions against our rights and our citizens."

The American policy, therefore, has not only supplied Japan with the materials to invade our rights but has also convinced the Japanese that they can do so with impunity. The Japanese, of course, do not believe that we are helpless. They know better. They faced, with the most obvious anxiety, the prospect of an embargo when the 1911 trade treaty was abrogated and they have repeatedly shown the most profound respect for the United States Navy, whose marksmanship is a tradition in the Far East. But the Japanese do believe that Americans are peace-loving, gullible, soft, grasping, and stupid enough to go on selling them war materials and then to confine themselves to wordy protests when those materials are used.

Obviously, if we intend to stop the Japanese fascists, we must convince them that their acquaintance with the American character is inadequate and their judgment of our emotional and willful incapacity for action somewhat hasty.

One way to carry some of that conviction is to get some of the capital strength of the United States Fleet into the South China Sea. We have already told the Japanese, officially, that we agree with them that the status quo in the South China Sea area should be preserved. Putting a few battleships and half a dozen cruisers on a South China Sea patrol to help preserve that status quo will do more than fifty notes from Washington to convince Tokyo that we mean business.

Our new Navy bill is an admission that if the British Navy disappears from the Atlantic our present force is inadequate in any case. Since that is so, it would certainly seem logical to keep it, for the time being, and while there is still time, in a position where it *is* adequate. Once that is done we can begin to extricate ourselves from the absurd paradox in which we are placed through our continued supply of war materials to Japan for the prosecution of a war that, from our official point of view, does not exist. Our government has failed to "find" a state of war in China, and has failed to embargo shipments to Japan because of the desire to tread softly in foreign affairs. We have managed, thus far, to stomach the sight of American volunteer doctors picking American shrapnel

out of Chinese women and children. We have now been asked to go a step further and assist Japan in preventing American medicines from reaching those doctors.

We have managed, thus far, to tolerate the spectacle of planes, made from American metal, powered by American fuel, dropping bombs made of American scrap iron, not only on American property but on the civilian seat of a friendly government that we are solemnly pledged to respect and sustain. Our government has also managed to confine itself to the six hundred polite protests now on file in Tokyo over repeated violations of the personal and property rights of Americans by a Japanese Army that our materials are keeping in the field. We are now being asked to go a step further, and admit that our nationals had no business in Asia in the first place.

We are advised to continue to supply the oil and the iron for Japanese conquest, while that conquest dedicates itself to slamming the Open Door and tearing up the Nine-Power Treaty. We are asked to admit that our protestations of devotion to liberty, to the freedom of small nations, to the respect for the "independence and territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China" (which Japan

also pledged) were made with our tongue in our cheek.

We can stop Japan. We are under no obligation, legal or moral, to supply another ounce of iron or pint of oil to Japanese fascism; the embargo of oil should be made total, and that of scrap iron should be initiated. We face no danger, economic or military, that cannot be met if we decide that the

time has come to wash some of the blood from our hands. We do not need to concur in the destruction of China, Indo-China, Malaya, Netherlands India and the Philippines for the foundation of Japan's "order" in East Asia. Our only peril is the peril of indecision and half-measures. Our only fear should be the fear that we might play our future false.

SO MUCH WE DID NOT BRING

BY JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

ENRICO stared at the man's feet on the trail
and at his hands bruising the rain-fresh sage.
"Surely I know him," Enrico said, "for he
has been I since there was no world at all:
yet how can I know a fellow so full of so much
we did not bring? Through his nose he has stolen a day-high
mountain and carries it somewhere: April grasses,
morning sumac, cedar after rain.
His eyes have swallowed a valley for his heart.
Time has not fingers sharp nor long enough
to dig the pink arbutus from his youth.

"He carries on the trail the voices of men dead,
of women dead, of children dead. In him
where his back bends are the screams of captured cities;
in his upturned eyes is the hope of forgotten nations.
His hand clenches his own years' broken stem.
Surely I know him," Enrico said, staring
at the man's slow steady feet upon the trail.

► *Portrait of a type of small denominational college.*

ACCENT ON SIN

ANONYMOUS

THERE is a college where your boy may be put in solitary confinement for a month for smoking one cigarette, where your daughter is restricted to the campus for refusing a boy a date, where four hundred boys and girls do not dare speak to each other except when crowding into the dining room. These young people — I nearly wrote “inmates” — dare not complain when the roof leaks, because complaints are considered sinful; they wouldn’t dare write home about an outbreak of ptomaine poisoning because letters are read in the office and withheld from the mail. Outlandish though this must sound, it is right here in the United States, and I am a member of its faculty. When I accepted the appointment I did not dream that my pedagogical duties would include spying on my students or that I would be plunged into an almost hysterical awareness of *Sin*.

Unfortunately there is an increasing number of schools just like Blank College, where the menace of the flesh gets all the attention

and little things like honor, mutual confidence, self-reliance and common sense are outlawed. They flourish among the small denominational colleges. They have turned the panicky escape from temptation and lurking sins into a serious science. Experts detect the outcroppings of evil in every cranny of life and then impress these discoveries on the students’ minds in rules, regulations, punishments and sermons. Sensational exposés of life in the universities and colleges have paid dividends to the little institutions. Literal-minded parents have been led to believe that their little darlings would never be safe among the evil influences rampant in the big organizations; somehow they feel that Sin needs room to flourish. They have not reckoned on the microscope which colleges like Blank College turn upon the subject.

My experience with Sin, until I went there to teach, had not been especially intimate. I had seen the honor system in operation on campuses, with good average re-

sults. I had known hundreds of girls and boys from large universities who had never got drunk, and who had not been addicted to petting. I had even known college girls who had never had a baby. The students at Blank College would hardly be able to believe this; their existence is organized on the assumption of evil everywhere running amuck, especially in their own characters. And the faculty, to a man, are convinced that Sin is a rising tide that we must hold down with the palms of our hands, with the probabilities all against us. It's a fairly typical sin-counting sanctuary, and the retired evangelist in charge makes periodic forays into the wicked world, whence he returns with students who have signed up for heaven and a college education all on one dotted line.

The parents have been assured that piety reigns supreme in Blank College. Piety, in the person of Dr. Jones, seems horribly capable of reigning supreme. He pounds the table and thunders against card playing, dancing, and the theatre, and covers the other aggravations against Christianity by shudderingly calling them "the sins of the world." The students are never permitted to forget those monstrosities. Blank College is a steri-

lized spot in an infected world, a blind spot in the Devil's eye, an island of purity in a sea of wickedness. It fairly reeks with spiritual disinfection. From the moment students enter the gates of the campus, Blank College trains them to focus their minds on Sin until they can see the evil in small things.

A visiting preacher assures them not merely that cards are wicked, but that each card has an obscene meaning of its own. Indeed, this preacher has concentrated on the obscenities to the point of writing a book about them which he sells for twenty-five cents a copy after the sermon. A missionary reveals the wickedness inherent in a plucked eyebrow. Those of us who have not had a college education have failed to recognize this. Blank's curriculum includes the scientific news that hairs plucked untimely from their virgin soil are proof of moral decline. The missionary has saved hundreds of young women in Alaska from perdition by persuading them to keep their eyebrows as God made them, whether bushy, thin, crooked, or meeting in the middle. The precept that "God meant us to leave things as He made them" leads to an interesting catalogue of sins. Some of the embryo preachers at Blank College who had embraced this

idea with fervor, took it very hard when I suggested that under this doctrine they might have to stop shaving or wearing clothes.

II

The student soon learns, if he wants to keep in favor, to take his sin-counting seriously. Before long, he can think of sins in quantity—they multiply very satisfyingly with practice—and he can go to the receptive president of the college with a list of the new sins he has detected among his fellows. This is bad enough. Even worse, it seems to me at least as I watch the process in the Blank area, are the students who actually come to believe in ubiquitous evil, fight against its engulfing horror like drowning creatures, and find a certain perverse adolescent relish in the exercise, including the discovery and denunciation of the minute lapses of their classmates. The honor system at its worst rarely produces such bumper crops of sins as the little dictatorships of Dr. Jones and his kind produce. The “rules” of Blank College are the germ from which sin-consciousness starts its amazing growth. Big, hearty, honest sins find no mention. There would be no one at Blank College with enough

spirit left to commit them. “Loitering,” for instance, is a serious offense. But loitering has a special definition in this context. It is the sin of stopping to exchange words with any student of *the opposite sex*. Even in going from one class to another, no boy and girl may walk together and talk. Anyone observing “loitering” must report it at once. The rule is relaxed only on Sunday immediately after Sunday School attendance, and on the way into the dining room. Even a word can defile, except on Sunday or when hunger is calling. Otherwise conversation is safe only when formal permission for a date—a complex and humiliating process—has been obtained.

“Griping” is another serious crime. And this, too, needs the Blank College definition. Griping is any unfavorable comment about the school. The student may not say that four boys in one narrow bedroom are too many, or that the doctor should do something more for a sprained ankle than remark, “It is swollen.” Only the most extravagant praise is permitted to be spoken about the school. This is supposed to regulate a sense of humor out of the students, but one boy who had been sentenced to campus for a week for griping was irrepressible. He said, with

sugar in his tones, "Yes, I did gripe, and I ought not to have done it. I said it made me mad when they opened my letters and read them in the office. I ought not to have done that." Another, more tractable, rose and confessed his sin in public. "Dr. Jones," he said, "I do love the school, and I have tried to be loyal. When the toilet upstairs leaked on my bed, I did fuss, but I am truly sorry."

Dr. Jones keeps his evangelistic hand in, so to speak, by his sermons to the student body. The religious fervor that he works up results in mass confessions of wrongdoing, mostly imaginary, of course. The moment in the limelight, while confession is made and "testimony" of conversion is given, is the only legitimate excitement of the school. Extraterritorial conversions do not count. The student simply has to "be born again" right on the premises. Multiple rebirths are the accepted order, especially when there are important visitors from outside. Small wonder then that many students are "repeaters" at confessing all, and do it with the glibness of long practice. By the time they are handed their diplomas, nearly all of them can give a sermon of the confessional type at the drop of a hat. But Dr. Jones takes no chances — he has these

spontaneous graduation remarks rehearsed several weeks beforehand, so that nothing too natural can be said. The students who have endured long enough to reach a diploma, however, are the pathetically submissive ones, so there is little real danger.

The rules on griping promote intricate intrigue. Any chance remark, any witticism at the expense of the school, may be reported by a student or a teacher who has overheard it. The students are perhaps too young to understand about the Bill of Rights, and Blank College needs no Gestapo, since every person there is a potential informer.

Vacations are the most dangerous intervals to the school, because parents might be told facts by their children. The school has not neglected this possibility. The case of Nell shows how they handle this menace. Nell's father is an influential preacher whose radio talks have sent many students to Blank College. Nell's lively prettiness had been the cause of a number of infractions of the rules. In the absence of Dr. Jones, the young acting president had said far too much to her on the subject of her wrongdoing. The administration immediately thought of her father's possible reaction to the tale

that might be told him by his daughter. Then Nell played right into their hands. She wrote to a boy a fervent note which fell into the hands of a teacher. Dr. Jones himself took the situation in hand at this point, and told Nell that if she breathed one word against the school, her father would be shown the note. Nell kept silent. The success of this piece of blackmail must have proved to the administration that the Lord has Blank College in His special care.

I know how incredible such an episode must sound in our supposedly liberal age. But it happens to be literally true. And there are other small colleges of this general type where such things are happening under the banner of the higher education.

III

The heightened sex-consciousness induced by the Blank methods makes any burgeoning puppy love affair on the campus a matter of burning interest. Suppression induces temptation. The student finds it a fascinating game of chance to bend or break the rules without detection. Demerits are dished out with a lavish hand. Yet, surprisingly, there is only one thing which Dr. Jones would consider a "scan-

dal" if it should happen in the school. Indeed, he boasts loudly and gives public thanks that there has never been a "scandal" in his school. The Blank College definition of a scandal, of course, is an illegitimate baby. And Blank College has never had an illegitimate baby. But its authorities know that any boy and girl left together for a single unwatched minute are likely to produce a scandal. Chaperonage, therefore, is one of the primary functions of the teachers. The system of not only permitting dates, but insisting upon them, intensifies the problems of the chaperons. Students may have dates for all public functions, lectures, concerts and class parties. They may also have dates for fifteen minutes before dinner every evening; for two hours every Saturday and Sunday afternoon and for Sunday night. The two hours are considered the absolute limit of safety or of the endurance of the chaperons.

Since "social training" has been promised to these students, the college rams it down their gullets. A girl may not refuse a boy a date without a very good reason. A refusal carries a penalty of twenty-five demerits. Three refusals in a semester campus the offender. Some boys find it difficult to get

dates even when they are thus backed up by the administration police. But the axiom for the dating system at Blank is that "Any boy good enough to come to Blank College is good enough to have a date with any girl in the college."

Wherefore a boy can always *report* a girl for refusing a date. All dateless boys must make excuses for their condition, after which the dateless girls are parcelled out among them by the President. The pleasure in these dates is somewhat debatable, but social training calls for a Spartan spirit. When the hour for the dates arrives, a bell rings and the girls descend to the lobby of their dormitory to meet their dates under the eyes of at least two chaperons. They may go into the parlors and sit for their two hours, or they may stroll on certain parts of the campus; they may even play tennis — if a faculty member will play with them. At the end of the two hours the bell rings again and the daters are promptly separated.

As a chaperon, I found that my inexperience with Sin was a trial to me. I could not always tell Sin from religion. This put me in a very bad light. I suspected that religion was a hasty camouflage when I descended upon a young couple to tell them they were sitting too

close together and found that the minister-to-be was telling the girl how to bear the troubles that the Lord sends upon us. I suspected the motives of two boys who held a prayer meeting in the middle of a tennis court beneath the windows of the girls' dormitory. Walking my sentry duty during the dating periods, I needed all the judgment of which I was capable, my training having been in schools not quite so pious. I tried to get some pointers from a chaperon who came to my room in a state of indignation at the behavior of one couple she had had under her care during a basketball game. I was eager to be shocked. Had he put his arm around her?

"Oh, no."

"Did they sit too close?"

"No-o-o," she guessed not.

"Then what —?"

"Oh," she burst out, "It was the way they looked at each other. It was positively *lustful*!"

She did not care for my suggestion that we put blinders on them. Nor was this the only incident in which I found myself at a loss. In my first month at Blank, I became aware of the deep blue shadow of disgrace hanging over a very innocent-looking boy in the high school department. His offense was so serious that it was mentioned

only in hushed tones. There had been considerable doubt whether the discipline committee would allow him to continue his contaminating presence at the school. In a whisper I was told the facts of his case. He had held a girl's hand under the edge of the table around which the class recited! Finally a professor took the boy on a long walk. The boy confessed that he had been "led on" by the girl and promised to avoid her in future. Another case of "disgusting conduct" which brought on a special chapel service with a sulphurous sermon was that of a boy who had actually kissed his fiancée. The chaperons who had failed to prevent this outrage were in almost as deep disgrace as the culprits.

When the privilege of speaking to each other while going into the dining room had seemed to result in no great damage to the souls of the hundreds of students, a further temptation was allowed them. They were to be permitted to walk together as far as the corner of a certain building. This was the deadline. From that corner the girls were to go directly to their dormitory. This walk of almost a block presented a mass problem of chaperonage, and created a series of devastating crises. It was first suggested that the chaperons

leave their meal early and take up stations along the way, but here even the meek Blank College chaperons rebelled. We were then asked to scatter among the crowd and keep a sharp lookout for the devil's manifestations. The more conscientious of the watchers lived in a state of horror at the amount of bumping into each other, hand-touching and whispering that went on. We decided that the Frenchman was right who said that Christianity had done much for love in making it a sin.

The zeal of the chaperons was intensified by the possibility that some member of the administration might swoop down to see if everything was under control. We hoped always to be detected in the very act of doing our duty. When the lights unexpectedly went out during a dating period, the chaperons hastily lighted candles or flashlights and dashed up and down the darkened parlors. We were ready to be found doing our duty, however ineffectually.

The school year comes to a climax in the spring. The chaperon's fancy turns with dread to thoughts of the outings given by the literary societies. For weeks the societies are warned that if there are untoward events the parties may be discontinued. There

is the grim suggestion that something is almost sure to go wrong. The chaperons begin to get into training. There is one chaperon to each five couples, who are sternly admonished to keep her in sight all the time. At early chapel on the day of the outing, the warnings are repeated, and about fifty couples and their chaperons take buses to the chosen spot. Here the couples are assigned to their chaperons, warned again and set loose, after which it is the chaperons' duty to pick up what evidence of evil they can, in a sanctified form of the game Hare and Hounds. If the chaperons overlook anything, there is always a small son of one of the professors who will report whatever they missed. This is useful but does not add to the chaperon's prestige with the administration.

Once a couple raced ahead of their chaperon as they climbed a mountain. Here the boy so far forgot his education as to put his arm around the girl and kiss her. The panting chaperon was too late to be in at the kiss, but the more nimble eight-year-old guest missed nothing. After the party all chaperons were summoned. When the lack of any report of

sinful acts became evident, we were confronted with the report of the small boy. The dean had also seen a couple walking down the road behind their chaperon, and had seen the boy put his arm around the girl. The criminals admitted their crime to the discipline committee and laughed. Clearly they deserved no mercy, and were indefinitely restricted to the campus. This was such a flagrant case that the society which had sponsored the outing was also infected with the disgrace of the culprits. The society was told that they should never have another party, unless they showed the proper indignation. They then became very indignant indeed. They voted to drop the offending boys from their brotherhood. They recorded this action in a bombastic resolution signed by their officers, but dictated by the administration, which was read in chapel. Purity had once more been preserved.

Blank College and its kind take students from Maine to California and turn them out sin-conscious and snoop-minded. They graduate boys and girls knowing more of philandering than philosophy, and more of evil than evolution.

SHAKESPEARE WAS AN IRISHMAN

BY T. F. HEALY

THE game of solving the mystery of Shakespeare's identity seems to hold a new popularity, judging from the spilt of commentaries in books and articles about him. So far as the facts go, however, they leave us exactly as we were when in 1773 Steevens, a Shakespearean editor of repute, said that all the world knew of the poet was that he lived "at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there; went to London where he commenced actor; wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." The unique thing about Shakespeare is that he was the quietest man of his time in England, a man oddly silent about his personal identity. Why was he so tight-lipped about himself, whose life because of his position should have been an open book? The logical answer might be this: Shakespeare remained unknown because he wished to remain unknown; he purposely withheld his identity because it was unsafe or unprofitable to disclose it. The basic fact about Shakespeare

is that he "hid" himself. Why? It happened that there were persons in the England of his time who were forced to hide their true identities. They were the Irish. What if Shakespeare were not a Saxon but a Celt, not an Englishman but an Irishman? Once the hypothesis is raised, a great deal that is otherwise mysterious becomes explicable.

Irishmen in the England of Shakespeare's day were decidedly *persona non grata* as residents and those of them who went there for domicile wisely concealed their birth and nationality. It may be remembered as the time of the "Virgin Queen," who decimated the neighboring island, who held the Irish in a special abhorrence as "traitors and rebels," and who had her executioner ever at hand to demonstrate her hate. While he lived in London Shakespeare depended on the public for his livelihood and on the grace and favor of the Crown for his theatre in the English capital. And as one of the rebel race he would have found it

wise to be silent like his compatriots. It would not have been politic to let Elizabeth know of his origins; the world might not then have had a Shakespeare.

One may ask where Shakespeare got his knowledge of Irish mythology, legend and literature. It formed a phenomenally exceptional knowledge in the England of his day, where it was not even known that it existed. Not to speak of Irish songs and ballads found in the plays. Indeed, the subject of Shakespeare's knowledge of Irish music alone holds much more than the merit of mere novelty to the ripe Shakespearean scholar. No commentator ever has gone into Shakespeare's thorough knowledge of Irish music; he would have ended in a bog because it is not known to be Irish music. While the specific matter lies outside the scope of this article, one may mention, for example, Shakespeare's reference to what he calls *Callino Custurame*, which has caused the pundits much conjecture about what form of doggerel Latin tongue it is and what the Bard means by it. It happens to be virtually the way an Irishman sings the title line of one of the oldest of his race's folk-songs: *Colleen Og Asthore Mé* (*My Darling Young Colleen Forever*); and it forms too the phonetic

rendition for stage usage of such a song by actors who spoke no Irish. There are ten other Irish folk-lore songs alluded to in the Plays, but every song is *concealed under an alias*.

Shakespeare's knowledge of the Irish songs and sagas came out of what to this day is known as the "Hidden Éire"; and they were handed down in secret from father to son. To have told them openly would have brought the penalty of imprisonment, sometimes of death; the Irish language was proscribed. Not content with destroying the many ancient manuscripts of the race, the invaders tried also to destroy the oral tradition. It is utterly strange that an Englishman of that day should have known anything of that Irish background, for the simple reason that no Englishman was ever allowed to cross the inner threshold of Irish life. The native values and way of that life were hidden in glen and valley, under the broken rooftree and in the quiet of hearts that never revealed themselves before the invader.

If we take Shakespeare as an Englishman we shall find it impossible to explain his propensity for and his knowledge of this Irish background. Who, for example, is his Queen Mab of *Romeo and Juliet*?

She is Queen Mab of Irish mythology; and the story told of her in the play is an old Irish fairy tale. All the elf-like, airy beings in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* are Irish; in fine, Shakespeare's beautiful kingdom of faëry is entirely Irish. His Island in *The Tempest* could serve exactly to describe the Irish mythological Island of Hy-Brasil (Isle of the Blest). And how, one may ask, did Shakespeare know the old Gaelic story of *The Three Children of Lir* (pronounced Leer in Irish), on which to base his *King Lear*? And where did he get his famous character, Puck, but from the original Irish story of *The Puca* or *The Puck*, whose memory to this day is observed in the strange pagan celebration held every year in Kerry of Éire?

And where the plot for his play, *Cymbeline*, but from the very old Irish fairy-story of *Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs*, which spread over Germany, France and all Europe? *Macbeth*, too, may be traced to an Irish origin, and in it Shakespeare made good use of his knowledge of Irish sources. Take, for example, the weird prophecy that Macbeth would never be defeated until Birnam wood should move to Dunsinane hill. Such a circumstance occurs in but one epic litera-

ture — the Irish. Shakespeare's scene is strikingly similar to a part of the ancient Irish story recounting the Battle of Rosnaree in the first century:

"... one side went to the wood nearest them and they cut branches of green oak and put them in the hands of every man . . . and they raised them before them, advancing, and it seemed as if the forest moved. . . ."

Moreover, the Vision of the Eight Kings conjured for Macbeth is very much like the Vision conjured for Conn of the Hundred Battles, a second-century Irish King.

A more striking parallel concerns the cavern scene in Act IV, when Macbeth comes upon the Three Sisters. This is very much like the scene when Cuhullin, the Irish Siegfried of the first century, comes upon the Three Daughters of Catalin where, near a lonely cave, they mumble prophetic incantations as they bend over their cauldron in which they are cooking poisoned dog's flesh. The commentators have been wrong in idealizing the Three Sisters as abstract types of medieval "witches." They are not at all the same type as the poor creatures unjustly burned in thousands in the Middle Ages in every country of Western Europe except in Éire, where there never was a witch-burning. The art of the Three Sisters soars high above

the comparatively trivial doings of medieval "witches." Shakespeare had no abstractions in mind. His Three Sisters are from the wizardesses of ancient Éire, who could see into the seeds of time to con their mortal consequences. And Shakespeare also uses the two most familiar features of Irish wizardesses: (1) that they always appear in triads; (2) that they always strike first the prophetic note of doom in Gaelic literature, as they do in *Macbeth*.

These are some of the reasons why the Irish regard *Macbeth*, with *King Lear* and *Hamlet*, as "a tragedy of the Gael." Historically its chief characters are Scottish Gaels of Irish descent; and Scotland, where the scene is laid, was called *Scotia Minor* to distinguish it from *Scotia Major* or Éire, the parent country.

Parts of the *Arabian Nights* classic, it is now found, were lifted word for word in places from the Irish ms. story of the discovery of America by Brendan in the sixth century. All this was the property of the "Hidden Éire" which was kept a closed book even by the Irish themselves until recent years, when with freedom the national being began to reveal itself. The wonder is that Shakespeare seemed to know of it, and it was food and

wine to his lips. The Irish hold that he drank in the lore with his mother's milk. There is an Irish tradition that she came from Youghal of Éire and that there it was that Shakespeare as a young man first met Edmund Spenser, who in June, 1594, married a Youghal belle, one Elizabeth Boyle. The tradition further has it that Shakespeare revisited Youghal either in 1596 or 1597.

The Bard's phenomenal felicity with rhyme recalls the recent discovery that this tremendous contribution to literature is not, as it is commonly believed to be, an Arab contribution to poetry, but an Irish contribution. Shakespeare's use of alliteration, an Irish device, is interesting too, such as "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." And his own epigraph reads:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be he who spares these stones,
And curst be he who moves my bones.

II

One of the first and few insights we have into Shakespeare's life reveals him as being involved with the "treason" of Lord Essex, who failed to carry out in Éire the rather gruesome orders of his

Queen, Elizabeth. Why was Shakespeare mixed up in this? What pull took his thoughts to Essex in the sister country? The fact is that here he almost ruined himself at the start of his career. Did his heart rule his head? Was it the Irishman in him sympathizing with Essex, as he would with anyone betraying the invaders of his native land? He seemed to have learned wisdom, and thereafter he was silent.

Then there are Shakespeare's relations with Spenser and with the Irish chapter in Spenser's life. He seemed to have known him. Spenser first refers to Shakespeare in 1591, in *Tears of the Muses*. Spenser had then returned to England from a long residence in Éire, where he had written his immortal *Faërie Queene*, a poem which mirrors not only the natural aspects of Éire but also its history.

Let us look at the inner evidences of the plays. We may recall that they were written by Shakespeare not so much to be read as to be spoken on the stage. We find in them a veritable multitude of idioms and expressions all peculiarly Irish. Many of them reveal the author to have been well-acquainted with the Irish brogue, if not himself the possessor of it. Read in cold type, many of these passages are wholly without edge

and some indeed are quite meaningless; when spoken, however, they take on life and significance. And if spoken with an Irish brogue they have still greater and clearer meaning. Dr. Johnson was the first to notice this fact and he refers to it in passing in one of his discourses, but he did not explore its implications, not knowing of them. The fact remains that Shakespeare never hides himself from an Irishman.

The English and the Irish regard Shakespeare differently. It is a notable fact that, outside of London, Shakespeare in his "home country" draws virtually no audience at all, while in Éire, not alone in Dublin but in every provincial town and village up and down the land, his plays draw full houses every time they are given, even by strolling players with little scenery. The late Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the Irish actress, once formed a Shakespearean company to play the British provinces and went broke within a month; she brought the company to Éire and made a hit everywhere. The Irish do not need much scenery with Shakespeare. No audience of any land so appreciates him. They roar with his comic scenes and are silent to a man with his tragic scenes. Shakespeare is uniquely at home

with them. They warm to him; he is close to their hearts and bosoms.

Now for a singular fact about Shakespeare's plays. In the thirty-seven with their many scenes based on life in ancient Greece and Rome, in medieval Italy, in France, Denmark, Wales, Scotland and England, there is but one scene, and that no more than a passing interlude in one of the historical plays, laid in Éire. It is hard to explain, with Éire lying next door to England, unless we remember that Shakespeare wished to conceal his identity. He then would refrain also from references to his homeland. The concealment motive seems further to be borne out when we realize that of the many characters of his plays, drawn virtually from every country of the then known world, there is but one Irishman *explicitly* mentioned and then only for a very brief scene — Captain Macmorris in *Henry V*, Act III, Sc. 2.

The scant scene is illuminating. Shakespeare paints his Irishman knowingly and brilliantly. The Captain is drunk but is to the author a most estimable person, to whom Jamy, the Scotsman, and Fluellen, the Welshman, are poltroons. It also is revealing that Macmorris rises to a high anger when they refer to his country.

"Who talks of my nation? . . . I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me I will cut off your head."

There is an Irishman in Shakespeare's best known play; and he is his greatest character — Hamlet. He is not explicitly an Irishman as Macmorris is; implicitly he is Irish. Shakespeare hides him as a Dane from the casual reader, but to the Irish, Hamlet is quite recognizable. He is not, of course, a fictitious creation. He was as real as Julius Caesar to Shakespeare. There was a pre-Shakespearean Hamlet, and many nations have claimed him, notably the Germans and the Poles. The Irish claim is the most valid of all, despite the fact that it is not yet known by the savants with the exception of the erudite Israel Gollancz. In the introduction to his *Hamlet in Iceland*, Gollancz says that the evidence seems to point to Hamlet's having come from "The Kingdom of Ireland." Reference to Hamlet's Irish origin is also to be found in a book called *My Unknown Chum*, whose anonymous author seems to have heard in Éire some of the folk-lore on the subject. Hamlet is a very old Irish name; we first find it in an ancient Irish ms. telling how Niall of the Nine Hostages, High King of Éire in the fifth

century, was slain by an Irish prince of the blood, one Amhlaidhe (pronounced "Ham-laid" in Irish and "Hamlet" in English.)

In the province of Munster in Éire one may learn more about Hamlet than from a course in any college. The *shanachies* or story-tellers there tell their own story of Hamlet, and of how Shakespeare got the material for his play from the Irish tradition. In brief it runs like this: There was an Irishman by the name of Howndale and he was a tailor. He was captured by the Danes on one of their pillaging raids on the coast of the country. They brought him to Jutland, where he married and set up in business again. He was a shrewd man and a man of great ambition too. He quit the sartorial trade and usurped the throne of Denmark.

Thus the tradition in essence, and it serves to explain why the Irish story-tellers refer to Hamlet as "the tailor's son." Tradition also has it that Hamlet kept his Irish parentage hidden as its disclosure would have counted against his own succession to the throne of Denmark.

But the Irish breaks out in Shakespeare himself, and one may visualize the smile that shone in those divine grave eyes when, in

Scene V, Act I, he has Hamlet in talking with Horatio swear by the Irish Apostle — "Yes, by St. Patrick!" — an invocation that falls only from an Irishman's lips and which no Dane or other Continental would utter. Also, when Hamlet speaks to Horatio of "the funeral baked meats," Shakespeare is referring to a custom of distinctive Irish origin. In England and Europe meats never were baked in his time; they were roasted.

The ghost in *Hamlet* lives up to the peculiar Irish belief that certain souls in Purgatory are let out to walk the roads of nights:

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the
night,
And for the day confined to fast in
fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of
nature
Are burnt and purged away. . . .

Here we have speaking a real or an Irish ghost; indeed, Hamlet's father is the dead spit of an Irish ghost, being rational, forthright and purposeful. The English never had a rational ghost, and their spectres are unreal. Every Irish ghost has personality.

As for Shakespeare's knowledge of the Irish tradition that Hamlet's was a tailoring family, we may judge it by reading the play. Shakespeare has Hamlet speak as

one experienced when he talks of his "inky cloak," "suits of solemn black," "forms" and "modes," all tailoring expressions. Hamlet says that "the appurtenance of welcome is fashion." To the players he tells of "tearing a passion to tatters, to very rags." He apostrophizes even his father's ghost as "a king of shreds and patches," and in the soliloquy wherein he contemplates suicide he wishes he might his quietus make not with a sword as a prince of Denmark would, but with "a bare bodkin," a tailoring weapon. To his mother, who may have known the early history of the family, he uses figures:

That monster *custom* who all sense doth
eat,
Of *habits* devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a *frock* or *livery*
That *aptly* is *put on*.

And Shakespeare has Polonius say:

Costly thy *habit* as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not
gaudy;
For the *apparel* oft *proclaims the man*.

He has Polonius use these figures of speech to his daughter:

Do not believe his vows, for they are
brokers,
Not of that *dye* which their *invest-
ments* show,
But mere implorators of *unholy
suits*. . . .

And Ophelia herself refers to Hamlet as "the glass of fashion and the

mold of form." These constitute a few of the allusions to the tailoring trade in the drama, and they seem to prove that Shakespeare took his play from the Irish story and definitely had the son of Howndale in mind when he made Hamlet, the melancholy Celt, his greatest creation, the apotheosis of his art. Shakespeare had one son, who died at the age of twelve. His name was Hamnet.

Scholars hold that Shakespeare's source for the material of *Hamlet* was the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus. But it now has been found that Saxo the Lettered himself got the story from the Irish tale, and his account could not possibly have given Shakespeare all the data he used. We have Erasmus wondering at Saxo's story and asking "how a Dane of that day could have such a force of eloquence." Listening to an Irish *shanachie* tell the tale in the old oral tradition would reveal where Saxo got some of his eloquence. Saxo's hero, Horwendale, is said to be a Danish corruption of the Irish, Howndale. The Irish story antedates Saxo's by three centuries.

Reading Shakespeare as an Irishman makes him far more interesting and revealing. His is the Irish Celtic outlook on the world. He has the unclassical, occult sense of

things, a sense that made its way out of Éire into France and Germany, over a Europe that had long been beholden to the classical Greek influence. It was this sense that gave the Continent the miracle of Celtic which in turn produced the miracle of Gothic culture and brought it to flower.

Too, there is Shakespeare's belief (like Hamlet's) in ghosts and his delightful mixing-up of the natural and supernatural worlds. He seems to have the Irish conviction of the nearness of another world. There is his exuberance, his sense of reverie and passion, of ecstasy and despair. Above all there is his mystical worship of nature, which apart from the Irish writers of English literature we find but little among English authors, perhaps with the unique exception of Wordsworth. And there is his abundant, resonant, beautiful, living speech. The

temperament behind the art that moves us seems to be an Irish temperament, with the Celtic empathy that fills his works with the light that never was on land or sea. Shakespeare brings to mind Matthew Arnold's query asking how much of the Celt must one imagine in the ideal man of genius.

Thus Shakespeare now the Irish claim along with Congreve, Farquhar, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Wilde, Ervine, Shaw, the outstanding "English" dramatists who were Irishmen all. Come in, Will Shakespeare! There's a welcome before you. And was it an Englishman they were trying to make of you and yourself with a brogue like that, God bless it? Will you have a drop of the whiskey in your tea? Let you draw up a chair now. Sure, we'll sit by the fire and tell sad stories of the death of kings.

A GOOD CAUSE

MOST of the pension-mongering
Promoters of this age
Are men sincerely hungering
For a living wage,
And no matter what fate the promotions meet,
Anyway, the promoters eat!

W. E. FARBSTAIN

BEWARE THE SUPERPATRIOTS

By GEORGE CREEL

IN April, 1918, one year after the United States took arms to make the world safe for democracy, some three thousand superpatriots in Southern Illinois lynched a poor devil of a German, omitting no circumstance of brutality. Stripped of his clothes, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, and given a minute to scream a prayer, addlepated Robert Paul Praeger was jerked aloft and left dangling against the midnight sky as a warning to "traitors." The crime of which he stood accused was seditious and disloyal utterance, yet the judge who had conducted his trial had found him guilty of nothing more than a muddled Socialist harangue against the capitalist system. True, he was a registered enemy alien, but there was evidence that he had tried to enlist in the Navy and had been rejected because of a glass eye. The judge had discharged him with a warning to guard his tongue. Refusing to accept the judgment of the court, a mob formed and began the chase, hunting Praeger from covert to

covert as though he had been a wild beast. The police rescued him after a first capture, and hid him in the City Hall at Collinsville, but the frenzied patriots found him as he cowered in a basement room, and after beating off the authorities dragged him forth to his shameful death.

Horrors such as this are a warning of what may happen if America goes to war again. Hysteria is well-nigh inseparable from war, or even talk of war, and hate follows inevitably, for its simplicity makes an almost irresistible appeal to certain types of mind.

Woodrow Wilson, from the very first, saw this danger clearly and his insistent distinction between the German government and the German people was intended more for home use than use abroad. He feared and tried to avert the growth of the mob spirit, an explosion of distrust that would start the hue and cry against Americans of German birth or origin and spread until it took in *all* Americans with foreign names or any

trace of foreign speech. The Committee on Public Information, of which I was the chairman, kept his distinction in mind from first to last. Even had I myself not believed in it implicitly, the President rode herd with a vigilance that took no chances.

All was of no avail. Almost overnight a score of so-called "patriotic" leagues and societies sprang up; and whatever their original purpose, in the end they appealed to the basest in human nature. Usually launched and managed by a paid secretary, and entirely dependent on public subscriptions, these organizations were forced to scream, beat their breasts and devil-dance in order to attract notice and obtain funds. Reckless rumors, designed to breed distrust and fear, were their principal stock in trade. One "league," in fact, was directly responsible for the story that a German submarine had entered New York harbor, sinking ships and filling morgues and hospitals with dead and dying. This fantastic story was spread all through the West, while the East was told of "revolts" in Milwaukee and St. Louis.

Under such inspiration, a wave of hysterical suspicion swept the country, even reputable papers aiding by the publication of gross

exaggerations or downright fakes. One metropolitan daily, usually sane and conservative, actually printed a front page story to the effect that the "German conspiracy" in the Navy had been carried through to a successful conclusion and that Secretary Daniels was going to remove Admiral Mayo, Commander of the Atlantic Fleet, putting in his place an admiral of German descent. It was, of course, a lie out of whole cloth.

No person with a German name was above suspicion: it was whispered that men high in the service of the government had been secretly tried and shot, and scandalous rumors reached a point where civic bodies and reputable papers arraigned the federal authorities for their failure to make wholesale arrests. The Department of Justice, yielding to the clamor, even went so far as to authorize the formation of an American Protective League, composed of some 250,000 waiters, taxicab drivers, butlers, cooks, clerks, etc., who were to listen at keyholes and peep over transoms. One man actually came to me with a scheme to organize the Boy Scouts as a body of amateur detectives to eavesdrop and report on their parents. Government officials who did not lend themselves to this hysteria were branded as

"spineless," and I myself was always under attack for my "namby-pamby" propaganda. For example, The American Defense League, under date of March 27, 1918, sent me a letter that contained these paragraphs:

As patriotic citizens endeavoring to support the Administration and to help win the war, we now feel compelled to bring to your attention a feature of the activities of the Committee on Public Information which we believe to be harmful. We protest that the attitude of that Committee is so pacific that now some of its work amounts to giving comfort to the enemy. . . .

It is our conviction that the great majority of the American people now regard the army, the navy, and the people of Germany with horror and aversion. We are quite sure that the German language now is a hated language, and long will remain so. We believe that all efforts to condone its use in our schools will be resented by the American people, as we ourselves resent them. . . . Furthermore, we believe that the Creel Committee on Public Information has signally failed to put into the hands of our American soldiers and sailors any publication adequately telling them in plain language what they are fighting for, and why they should hate the enemy they are expected to meet and kill. . . .

A shocking communication, and one that received the answer it deserved; yet there were those in Washington who actually applauded it. Before me at this moment I have a letter from a high official in the War Department, approving

the stand of the League, and advancing these sentiments of his own:

The Germans have become to me an utterly impossible group and I cannot conceive of our soldiers and our people having any feeling toward them except hatred and abhorrence. . . . We are fighting for our lives against a people who have been taught frightfulness from their childhood and we must utterly destroy that spirit in the world if we are to live our own lives. . . . May I suggest that a little savagery be added to the carefully prepared and exceedingly moderate statements of the official news.

II

Certain groups in Congress also believed in a campaign of hate, and various Senators attacked me repeatedly for my refusal to put a stamp of approval on "atrocious stories." The alleged crucifixion of a Canadian soldier, and the mutilation of babies and women were prime favorites, and when I did not give them circulation, these Senators branded the Committee as a "bunch of pacifists" and "pro-Germans." What angered them particularly, however, were official denials of atrocity stories. For example, some fifty men were sent back from France to aid in a Liberty Loan drive in 1918, and from cities in which they spoke soon came newspaper reports that

curdled my blood. One sergeant stirred audiences to fever pitch by making such statements as these:

The Germans give poisoned candy to the children to eat and hand grenades for them to play with. They show glee at the children's dying writhings and laugh aloud when the grenades explode. I saw one American boy, about seventeen years old, who had been captured by the Germans, come back to our trenches. He had cotton in and about his ears. I asked someone what the cotton was for. 'The Germans cut off his ears and sent him back to tell us that they want to fight men,' was the answer. They feed Americans tuberculosis germs.

I cabled these charges to General Pershing, asking whether they were true, and received this answer:

As there is no foundation whatever in fact for such statements based on any experience we have had, I recommend that this sergeant, if the statements quoted above were made by him, be immediately returned for duty here, and that the statements be contradicted.

Clergymen and university professors, tragically enough, were as prolific a source of hate as the so-called "patriotic" organizations. The pastor of a famous Brooklyn church, in the course of a sermon, specifically charged that German soldiers "slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers, violated little girls until they were dead and com-

mitted other atrocities which cannot even be named." When told that not one of these charges had ever been sustained, his only answer was to accuse the Committee of "pro-Germanism." After the overthrow of Kerensky, Russia also came in for every variety of attack. Preachers all over the country thundered their indignation against the Bolsheviks for having made Russian women common property through "nationalization." When the Committee released a denial based upon thorough investigation, it was assailed as the tool of Lenin and Trotsky.

A scholar high in the faculty of a famous university declared that "most of the Germans in Germany, and some outside of it, have become unclean and will have to walk through the world as a marked people, avoided, despised, stoned." Another dynamic professor, sent on a speaking tour by the National Security League, returned to make the statement that he had faced "large bodies of young men clad in the uniform of the American army beneath which were concealed the souls of Prussians," and that even when he had called them "a bunch of damned traitors" there was no resentment. Pressed for details by a New York

Tribune reporter, he named the University of Wisconsin as the place. Instant investigation by three of the state's most eminent men revealed that the university's cadet regiment had marched two and a half miles in the rain, and that after the professor had spoken for two hours the unhappy boys shuffled their feet and snapped rifle triggers as plain indication that they wanted him to quit.

Foreign language groups ran risks even when they gathered for patriotic purposes. In a certain Texas town every young Czechoslovak volunteered for military service — and the colony gave the lads a great party to speed them on their way. Because the proceedings were conducted in the Czech language, however, a howling mob of hoodlums stoned the building. In Iowa and Nebraska, so-called "patriots" raided halls in which foreign-born citizens were asking for volunteers or arranging for Liberty Bond drives. Many states proceeded on the assumption that our declaration of war carried with it an instant knowledge of English. Here are rules proclaimed by the Governor of Iowa:

First — English should and must be the only medium of instruction in public, private, denominational, or other similar schools.

Second — Conversation in public places, on trains, or over the telephone should be in the English language.

Third — All public addresses should be in the English language.

Fourth — Let those who cannot speak or understand the English language conduct their religious worship in their homes.

French and the languages of neutrals were banned no less strictly than German. In Nebraska one poor old Danish preacher who had never been able to learn English because of deafness, begged a year of grace so that he could find some other way to make a living. The request was refused.

Politics played its part in the tragedy of hate, particularly in the case of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League, an organization that flourished principally in Minnesota and the Dakotas. Many of the members were of German and Scandinavian descent, a stubborn, clannish lot to begin with, and rendered still more of a problem by a firm belief that the war was nothing more or less than a scheme of rich men to increase and protect their profits. I brought the leaders to Washington, and after hours with Mr. Hoover and other government officials, all pledged 100 per cent loyalty, and asked that I send them speakers. Distinguished men were selected for this purpose, but on

reaching Minnesota they were told that while they would be welcomed before other bodies, no gathering of the Farmers' Non-Partisan League could be addressed. When the League attempted to hold meetings of its own, they were broken up by mobs headed by police officials.

A prominent member of the League was Charles A. Lindbergh, a former member of Congress, father of a son destined to become America's air hero. Once convinced that it was not a "rich man's war," he gave himself heart and soul to America's cause. I arranged for his appointment to an important commission in Washington. No sooner was it announced, however, than the storm broke, and the head of the commission canceled the appointment. Under date of September 18, 1918, I wrote a letter of protest to the President, stating flatly that

honor and courage and common sense command the retention of Mr. Lindbergh. I can conceive of nothing more harmful to the nation's interest than that we should be put in the position of backing down under the threat of a lot of reactionary politicians, willing at all times to put their party above their country. Mr. Lindbergh and his associates are absolutely and entirely loyal, true to America in every respect, and the attack upon them is as false as it is base. It is the political power of the Non-Partisan League that the Demo-

crats and Republicans fear, and it is out of this fear that their lies proceed. . . . As you know, I have given time and sweat to straightening out this situation in the Northwest, and it is indeed bitter to have all my work undone by a single act of cowardice.

No citizen of foreign birth or descent could call his home his castle, for zealous patriots invaded at will. Liberty Loan "drivers" demanded the right to see what each earned and spent, and decided arbitrarily how many bonds some poor Croat or Lithuanian must buy. Spy hunters sneaked in through windows and ransacked desks and closets, searching for codes or poisons. Worst of all were the "Americanizers," self-appointed busybodies who infected every foreign colony. Josephine Roche loved to tell the story of a Serbian housewife who begged the "committee" to come back another day when she would have more time to give them. "Outrageous!" cried the indignant visitors. "Americanization is something that cannot and must not be put off." "Oh no! It isn't that," and the poor creature paled with fright. "But the boys have just gone down to volunteer, the girls are sewing over at the Red Cross, my man works in the shipyard, and I'm doing the washing for four neighbors so they can help at the

canteen. Please, ladies, *can't* you come back tonight when we'll all be here?"

III

Much of it was inhuman. Germans and Austrians in this country for thirty and forty years, who had always enjoyed the respect of their neighbors, were turned upon as though they had been criminals. Shops were stoned or pillaged, and lawyers, doctors and professors, when they escaped manhandling, were ostracized and ruined. So it went on for weeks and months, hate and hysteria striking at the very foundation of American unity, until at last the brutal, senseless Praeger lynching shocked even the chauvinists. The President, more deeply stirred than I had ever seen him, took advantage of the tragedy to make a public appeal for tolerance, sanity and decency — an appeal which might with profit be broadcast today:

There have been many lynchings, and every one of them has been a blow at the heart of ordered law and humane justice. No man who loves America, no man who really cares for her fame and honor and character, or who is truly loyal to her institutions, can justify mob action while the courts of justice are open and the governments of the states and the nation are ready and able to do their duty . . . I say plainly that every American who takes part in the

action of a mob or gives it any sort of countenance is no true son of this great democracy, but its betrayer.

The appeal, while abating mob violence, worked no fundamental change. The foreign-born continued to be viewed with distrust and suspicion. For this unhappy condition the press was largely responsible. The arrest of an alien on any charge whatsoever was played up on the front pages, but not one word would be printed when 30,000 foreign-born gathered to stage a patriotic demonstration. Paderewski and Masaryk told me time and again that nothing depressed their people more than to have the newspapers utterly ignore the loyalty rallies of Poles and Czechoslovaks. Hungarians and Jugoslavs made the same complaint.

It can not be maintained, of course, that all of our people of foreign birth or foreign descent were loyal; but the percentage of disloyalty was too trifling to constitute any indictment of the whole. In the United States on April 6, 1917, were at least two million "enemy aliens" and several million naturalized citizens. Only 6000 were adjudged sufficiently disaffected to be detained under Presidential warrants, and many of these were soon released. Exactly

1532 persons were arrested under the provisions of the Espionage Act prohibiting disloyal utterance, propaganda, etc.; sixty-five persons for threats against the President; ten persons for sabotage. Under the penal code with relation to conspiracy, 908 indictments were returned, the last group including the IWW cases. Against this incredibly small percentage of disloyalty, the foreign-born groups established records of patriotism not outshone by those of natives. From 10 to 15 per cent of the American Expeditionary Force were men of German birth or origin, and side by side with boys of old American families marched 300,000 Italians, 31,000 Lithuanians, 60,000 Greeks, 15,000 Russians, and other thousands whose fathers came from Austria, Hungary and the Balkans.

The DSO list was thick with foreign names: Private Leon D. Huffstater "carried wounded men across field swept by artillery and machine gun fire"; Private John Kukosk "charged a machine gun single handed, capturing gun and crew"; First Lieutenant Frank Baer, air pilot, performed "repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action"; Lieutenant Kuchlman, Field Engineers, "crossed into and through the German lines

making full reconnoissance." The list could be continued indefinitely. The record at home was no less inspiring. North Dakota, where the Germans and Scandinavians were charged with being so disloyal, over-subscribed every Liberty Loan — this after three successive crop failures — and sent two regiments to the front, of whom 3887 were volunteers. Not a foreign language group but pinched itself to the point of sacrifice to buy bonds and meet Red Cross quotas.

Under the direction of Josephine Roche, the Committee maintained intimate contact with twenty major foreign language groups, and thirteen minor ones, standing steadfastly as their friend, protecting them against spy-hunters, "Americanizers," crooked lawyers, loan sharks and employment agencies, and above all driving it home, day after day, that chauvinism did not represent the true spirit of America. In 1918 we arranged with the states and cities that the Fourth of July should be turned over to the foreign-born, and I make bold to say that never was any Independence Day celebrated with greater enthusiasm or more sincere feeling. Thirty-three men, representing that many foreign language groups, journeyed to Mount Ver-

non from all parts of the country, and vowed love and loyalty as they laid a wreath on the tomb of Washington. President Wilson took them down the Potomac on the Mayflower, and as he acknowledged their devotion, speaking simply from a hilltop near the tomb of the Father of his Country, it was infinitely touching to see the tears that wet every cheek.

When the Committee on Public Information discontinued its labors on Armistice Day, the Division of Work Among the Foreign-Born also passed out of existence officially. For several years Miss Roche managed to keep it alive, raising money here and there; but finally these private subscriptions dwindled to nothing, and once again America's stepchildren were abandoned to their own pitiful resources, shut off from the helpful contacts that were their hope, and doomed to old confusions and bewilderments. It is my firm belief that the failure to continue the war-time drive against intolerance was largely responsible for the revival of those bigotries that shamed the campaign of 1928. That this spirit still persists stands proved by Father Coughlin's anti-Semitic campaign, and the fact that thousands are willing to contribute money for radio broadcasts that

are brazen incitements to hatred and disunity.

Nothing is more certain than that the story of 1917 and 1918 will be told again in event of another national emergency unless the problem of *American unity* is given immediate and intelligent consideration. What must be driven home is that the intolerances of native ignorance and prejudice are just as much a part of Fifth Column activity as Nazi intrigue and communist sabotage. A sound system of national defense cannot be built on divisive hates. The campaign against intolerance and for fraternity should, of course, start with the creation of a new and more generous attitude toward our adopted citizens. With some fourteen million foreign-born in the United States, and other millions of foreign descent, how can any program of preparedness be called rational that does not take cognizance of their relation to American unity; that does not consider means to assure their loyalty, or more correctly to guard their loyalty against the savageries of chauvinism and ignorance? Just as America is recruiting soldiers and sailors, forging guns and building ships, so should we be devising some plan that will make the melting pot *really melt*.

► *Fred Harvey glorified American girls
and helped settle the Southwest.*

CUPID RIDES THE RAILS

BY CLIFFORD FUNKHOUSER AND LYMAN ANSON

WHEN old Fred Harvey started turning a shoestring potato into a 2500-mile string of railroad eating-places, he launched a "matrimonial bureau" the like of which these United States had never seen. He didn't mean to. His great obsession was feeding a traveling public in the style to which it was accustomed at home. The rôle of Cupid was thrust upon him. And a major rôle it proved in civilizing the whole Southwest.

As your streamliner eases to a stop at some pleasant desert oasis, it is hard to visualize what hell-holes these remote railroad division-points used to be around the turn of the century. You'll need the mind's eye of an old time "boomer" to do the picture justice. Only a member of that gallant tribe of wandering trainmen will recall the ugly shacks, bars, dance halls, gambling dens; the inevitable dives behind the roundhouse—all set on an endless and sizzling desert. Yet here, perforce, were the temporary homes of hundreds of "boomers" on whom the rail-

roads depended for rushing perishable freight from harvest fields to market.

It was the day of wooden cars and iron men. Of downgrades that sent brakemen, or "stingers," aloft to "decorate" swaying cars and wrestle hand-brakes with arms calloused inside from hand to elbow. When a coupling yanked out and the train broke in two, everyone "went high" to grab brakes and try to keep the two parts from ramming. No job for a sissy! An itchy-footed clan, too, those train crews. Here today, gone tomorrow—or as soon thereafter as they collected their thirty days' pay.

Shifting from job to job, from road to road, as they followed the crops, "boomers" covered an immense territory in the course of a year. First it was hauling onions from southern Texas. Then they headed into the Pan Handle for loads of longhorns destined for summer grazing on the flint hills of Kansas. No sooner had the last steer bellowed down the chute than off went the "chain gang" to

tackle Imperial Valley melons. Shortly afterwards wheat started moving, followed by Oregon apples in the fall. Back south they trekked for cotton and sugar. Finally, the "boomers," or those of them still sound in wind and limb, started another year's cycle by once more hauling onions from southern Texas — rootless as itinerant printers, roving as tramps, free lances of the rails.

Yet they were more mischievous than downright ornery. Many were just kids a long way from home. When they busted loose and broke the laws of God and man, often it was a mask to hide inner longings for the normal companionship of decent women, such as they had known back East. Is it any wonder that they failed to linger and settle down in those blistering division points on the desert, their "home" a railroad boarding house run by a Chinese and painted a box-car red, the sole feminine influence furnished by a few hard-bitten females "back of the roundhouse"?

*"No ladies west of Dodge City!
No women west of Albuquerque!"*
It was almost literally true. Not that the railroads considered this an ideal set-up. Their labor turnover was terrific. But good, bad or indifferent, the "boomer" was the

only guy who really wanted these jobs on the "chain gang," and the officials knew it. Their complaint was not that he was inefficient, but that his movements were as erratic as a grapefruit's squirt. With freight and passenger demands of a fast-opening country hitting the high spots, railroads had no time to waste trying to turn their "boomers" into substantial citizens anchored to these God-forsaken wilderness reaches.

That was where Fred Harvey came in. Fred Harvey and the new type of girl he was shrewd enough to transport for waitresses, as his string of unique eating places pushed slowly westward along the Sante Fé.

II

With something akin to inspiration Fred Harvey reasoned that good food would be doubly palatable to passengers if served by young women as pretty as they were intelligent. And that was the only kind he picked from the hundreds of applicants who answered his Kansas City and Chicago newspaper ads. Thus "Harvey girls" soon became a synonym for loveliness among the astonished patrons of his new establishments.

There had been skeptics who

said it couldn't be done. The kind Fred wanted, they argued, never would hire out for a waitress' job on the desert. They didn't realize that the same pioneering spirit which sent restless young "boomers" hopefully west was possessed by vast numbers of their sisters and cousins. For Fred was careful to engage only those between twenty-two and thirty years old, with the average about twenty-five. Refined, well educated, unmarried, many were small-town schoolteachers tired of dreary routine. All were eager for a change of scene, the welcome sight of new faces; a chance, perhaps, for romance itself.

With such visions of enchantment hitting a delighted traveling public squarely between the eyes, Fred saw the need of something more. Each girl was a gold mine. Could he keep them all contented on their far-off stations? To this end he began by housing them in attractive new dormitories, presided over by sensible, mature women as "housemothers." He made gradual improvements in the grounds, too. Trees were planted, arrangements made for a better water supply, a tiny park laid out, the nucleus started of a beauty spot out in the midst of desolation.

During their twelve-hour work shifts Harvey girls had time for a bit of social intercourse. Every transcontinental passenger train meant pleasant words with well-groomed strangers fresh from civilization. But the train always pulled out again, and that was that. There was little real thrill from "ships that passed in the night." Had it not been for the lowly freight train, lasting romance would have passed these girls by — and the barren Southwest remained unsettled many years longer.

Freight trains meant "boomers," and "boomers" had to eat too. No law prevented their enjoying the food of a Harvey lunch counter if they behaved themselves. Here feminine tones fell soothingly on the ears of young men who had almost forgotten the sound of a decent woman's voice. Again they heard an order of ham and eggs relayed as such, instead of the usual "Caboose-an'-a-pair-of-markers!" bawled at a greasy Chinese cook. Somehow a plate of luscious wheat-cakes materialized quietly, without the familiar, raucous "Cut-off-three-flats-an'-kick-'em-down-the-main-track!" The girls themselves were sights for sore eyes.

At periodical meetings over a spotless lunch counter, nods of recognition led easily to conversa-

tional skirmishes, these to the exchange of confidences quite natural between homesick young folks far from home. If a particular "boomer" made a favorable impression on one of the girls, an unwritten law led the other waitresses to step tactfully aside whenever he came in. In time a date, perhaps, would follow.

But dates with Harvey girls were hedged about with rules which gave even better chaperonage than might have been the case back home. For example, the young people might see each other in the living room of the dormitory or on its large porch. They might go walking in the park. Under such conditions any well behaved "boomer" was always welcome — provided he cleared out by half-past ten. Also, he could accompany her to the regular Wednesday prayer meeting without causing comment. But if a couple were seen at the Sunday morning service — well, Fred Harvey might as well get ready to import a new waitress. For that was practically the same as announcing their engagement.

III

The social highlight of the week was the Friday night dance to

phonograph music. These Harvey dances became an institution. Run by the girls themselves, they formed a healthy outlet for youthful exuberance. It was perfectly all right for a young woman to invite her favorite "boomer" to these affairs and, with ten men available for every girl, such an invitation was seldom refused. Strictly speaking, the dances were open to any youngster willing to pay the twenty-five-cent fee. That is, nobody would throw him out. Yet "crashing" a dance, while tolerated, was not encouraged. A crasher rarely repeated the performance. The ladies had a way of leaving him pointedly alone. Harvey girls knew how to squelch with a look.

So life on the "chain gang" acquired new incentives with the advent of Fred Harvey's girls. Instead of grabbing his pay check and blowing to fresh fields, a "boomer" would find excuses to stick around a while. Some of them even began to think of settling down. Little by little the inevitable came to pass all along the Harvey system. Fred Harvey's great "matrimonial bureau" was swinging into its full stride. Emporia, Newton, Dodge City, La Junta, Las Vegas, Winslow, Needles, Gallup, Seligman — every-

where there are today permanent homes as monuments for nearly every Harvey girl hired.

How did these desert romances pan out in the long run? Listen! When your long silver streamliner swings to a stop to change crews, you can forget the desert all about. It's still there, burning, just as it will be for untold generations to come. But now, instead of the old hell-holes, you see lovely white bungalows set on emerald lawns amid huge oleanders ablaze with crimson blossoms. You find a little settlement, complete with every adjunct of up-to-date community living. And throughout all these regions you can talk with fine young college men and girls proud

that Mother once worked for Fred Harvey and met Dad — now the conductor of a crack train — over the pie counter.

The recent depression put a temporary crimp in the new "matrimonial bureau." Curtailed freight could be handled by staid family heads safely anchored to their jobs by former Madonnas of the Coffee Urn. The breed of slap-happy "boomers" evaporated into a limbo where "boomers" go when business is bad. But let traffic swell again and back they'll come, chanting their "chain-gang" song — veni, vinci, vamoose. Then history will repeat itself, the old cycle start anew and Cupid will once more ride the rails.

NOCTURNE

By LOUIS STODDARD

THIS is a time when many things are passing,
Night and the autumn equinox at hand.
The air is brushed like corduroy with wings
and the flocks go by with little showers of sound.
Far off the midnight freight blows for the crossing
and under the low red moon
the woods and sky are sewn with its yarn of smoke.
Quiet is the night, a time for resting,
yet many forces never cease to work.
It is so still you can hear an apple fall.
It punctuates the quiet with a thud.

BRASKA COMES THROUGH

A Story

BY JESSE STUART

“BRASKA jest couldn’t come through tonight,” says Esther holding the lantern in her hand.

John snores like a horse.

“Hear me,” says Esther. “Braska didn’t git through.”

“Leave me alone, Esther,” says John. “I can’t hep it if she never gits right with the Lord.”

Esther puts the lantern down. She blows the lantern out and goes to bed.

“Bed feels so good after that long jaunt to Plum Grove,” says Esther. “I’ve jest been thinkin’ about poor Braska and the shape she is in with the Lord over not havin’ any babies. She can’t jine the church. She can’t git repentance. She’ll never see the light unless she has a baby.”

“I’m tellin’ you,” says John Hampton, “this goin’ to church ever’ night and comin’ in and gittin’ me out’n bed has to stop.”

“Shet up, John,” says Esther, “I’ll do as I please. I know Braska

better than you do. She’s havin’ a time wrestlin’ with the Devil.”

“Well every time and you know it,” says John, “that she’s goin’ to have a baby, she gits out on the hill and starts usin’ a mattock. She starts liftin’ poles of wood. She never thinks about work only when she starts to have a baby.”

“God will save anybody that seeks,” says Esther, “and Braska still has a chance. She’s not too old to have a baby. Jest forty-four.”

Esther’s big arms lie limp at her side. She looks through the window at the far-off hills, covered with moonlight. She looks at the great backbones of hills with trees torn and twisted now by the demented autumn winds. “I’ve brought seven children into this world,” Esther murmurs. “I can look God Almighty in the face and tell him I did. I can look the Devil in the face and tell him I did.”

“‘You’d better go on and have a baby,’ I said to Braska. ‘Pretty soon you’re goin’ to be too old.

Then it's goin' to be too bad. The Devil will have you right where he wants you.' Braska says, 'Esther, you have kept me from dyin'. You've been the best neighbor I've ever had. I jest want to tell you.' Braska started to cry. 'I've destroyed life. I've ruind my life.' I felt so sorry for poor Braska."

The quilt is tied from each corner of the quilting frames to a nail on the low joists of the house. It swings to the rhythm of the women's arms when they jab their needles in and out again and draw up their threads through the fleecy batting that is placed between the quilted top and the store-bought lining.

"I'll tell you the price of quilt linin' is high," says Nebraska. "I had to give twenty-eight cents a yard fer this. I could a-got some at twenty-four cents a yard but it didn't look good to me. I got twenty-four cents a dozen for my eggs and it took more than a dozen eggs to buy a yard of quilt linin'."

The women run the bright needles in and out of the quilt. They talk about their husbands, their children, schools, churches, and the neighbor women. Martha Abrahams, Vie Shelton, Retta Hill, Kate Duncan, Rebecca Swift, Symanthia Skinner and Esther

Hampton are here. Nebraska is sitting at one end of the quilt. She is a big broad-shouldered woman with black eyes that shoot beams of light.

"W'y that time when Enzy come home," says Nebraska, "I didn't know he was so bad off. It was horse-tradin' day in Greenup. He took the old grays we ust to have in there to swap 'em off and he come back ridin' a big sorrel. 'Come here, Braska,' he says. 'I got something fer you.' I'd jest been raisin' cane with 'im fer settin' on the horse. I thought he was on another crazy drunk. I went over and he reached his hand to me and says, 'Here, Braska. Take this and keep it fer me.' I held my hand and he dropped a little gravel in it. I could tell he didn't look right out'n his eyes. I hollered fer Anse to go atter the doctor. I lifted Enzy off'n that sorrel and put 'im to bed myself. I was so skeered I didn't know what I's doin'. You wimmen know I paid the price fer that. I come in one dyin'. I wasn't in the shape to lift a two-hundred pound man. I lost a baby over that."

II

"It won't be long till Braska will give new life," says Esther. "I've wore my shoe-soles out traipsin'

across that hill all winter to see her. Poor Symanthia Skinner's done the same on them bad feet of hern."

"Why is Bob barkin'?" John asks.

"It might be Enzy come atter us," says Esther. "April is the month Braska's baby is due."

"Just as I expected," says John. "Right when a man is busiest in his crop is when Enzy comes and wants us. Haf to get out'n bed and go to the place where a woman is havin' a baby. God, I hate to roll out'n bed and go."

"Shet up," says Esther. "Enzy is right out there at the gate. I can see 'im through the winder. He'll hear you. You ought to be proud Braska's goin' to have a baby so she can repent and be saved."

"It's nothin' to me," says John, "if the Devil gits her before to-morrow night."

John gets up and puts on his pants and shoes. He puts on his hat and sweater. He walks out in the yard by the pine tree.

"Howdy, John," says Enzy. "I hate to git you out this time o' night. Guess you know why. Braska's goin' to have a baby."

"You don't say," says John.

"Tell Esther to hurry," says Enzy. "My wife allus wants Esther in a time like this. Says she rather have her as a doctor."

"She'll be out jest in the minute," says John. "She's gittin' her shawl around her shoulders and lightin' her pipe."

Enzy walks in the lead. Esther walks next to Enzy and John walks behind with the lantern to light them up the green-bordered path. Esther smokes her pipe. Enzy smokes his pipe. John chews his home-made twist. They walk against the night wind up the path that leads over a backbone of ridge and down the hollow.

"I jest couldn't wait fer you Esther," says Nebraska. "I'm afraid I'm goin' to die. I've jest laid here in bed all day and I've seen things." Nebraska turns her face to the clean sheet and weeps.

"You mustn't act like this," says Esther. "You're actin' like a baby yourself. Thousands and thousands of wimmen have had babies."

"I saw the old churchyard down on the Little Sandy River where my people air buried," says Nebraska. "I saw a crowd there and I saw the flowers piled in a heap. I heerd the organ playin' in the churchhouse. I heerd the church bell. You won't let me die, will you, Esther?"

"Hell, no," says Esther. "I won't let you die."

"My wife's done it seven times

and it ain't killed her," says John.

"Time for Doctor Blake," says Enzy.

"There's the doctor now," says Esther. "Hear his horse whinny at the gate. I'd know that horse whinny if I'd hear it in Heaven."

"Hello, Doc," says Enzy. He shakes Dr. Blake's hand.

"Howdy folks," says Dr. Blake. "How's our patient?"

"I don't believe I'm goin' to make it, Doc," says Nebraska. "I've seen the graveyard where all my folks air buried on the Little Sandy River—"

"You mustn't feel like that," says Dr. Blake. "You must remember thousands of women have had babies."

"Everything is ready, Dr. Blake," says Esther.

"She's not going to be able to have the baby," Dr. Blake whispers. "We'd better get her to the hospital."

Dr. Blake carries one corner of the mattress and springs. Esther carries the corner opposite Dr. Blake. John Hampton has the corner near Nebraska's head. Symanthia Skinner has the side opposite John Hampton. Esther walks along and holds the lantern. Enzy rides the mule fast as the mule can go to Greenup to get the ambulance and have it to meet them at the mouth

of Ragweed Hollow. The dogs bark as they pass Howard's house under the sweet apple tree beside the road.

"I'm goin' right to the hospital with Braska," says Esther. "I'm gittin' in and goin' along."

III

If you could see Plum Grove this night. Ten million stars are in the sky above the churchhouse. Night winds sigh through the seeded grass and the rose-vines in the Plum Grove graveyard. Horses and mules are hitched to the trees. People are coming in droves to the great revival on the hill. This is the last night. Nebraska is back from the hospital in time to get repentance at the last night of the great spring revival.

"Sing 'Almost Persuaded,'" says Brother Prichard, "and let's have the altar call while that is sung. Anybody that wants to come up and give yourselves to God while that song is sung—come right on!"

Brother Prichard walks over and sits down. He claps his hands while the people stand and sing. Brother Prichard is tired. He has preached hard to send words back over the dark sullen faces beneath the red glow of lamps hanging on the walls. Babies are crying and

nursing their mothers in the church. Women are clapping their hands and shouting "amen" and the night wind is playing with the shingles on the roof. The wind is whistling through the round augur holes where the peckerwoods build their nests.

"I'm comin', I'm comin'," shouts Nebraska. She flings her arms high in the air. She runs up the aisle and flings herself at the altar. She lifts her hands high in the glow of lamplight and lets them beat the altar like a wheat flail.

"Oh, God, I've had my baby," she screams. "I'm ready, God! Won't you take me in your fold?"

"Come all of you lambs of God and gather around Sister Braska and pray as you have never prayed before," says Brother Prichard. "Sing, you people, as you have never sung before. The Devil has been wrestlin' with this woman. Let's hep her whop the Devil."

Esther holds Nebraska's baby. It cries amid the din of shouts and songs and moves its little pink mouse-paw fingers in the stale air of the church.

"Oh God," shouts Nebraska, "I have had my baby. Fergive me of my many sins."

Nebraska cries as she looks toward the ceiling and beats the altar with her hands. The people

around her pray. Tears fall from their eyes. The house rocks from tremendous shouts of the big women.

"Oh, God," says Nebraska, "I see the light."

Enzy sits back in the house. Big tears fall from his eyes.

"I see the light, I see the light," says Nebraska. She jumps from the altar. "I see the angels! I hear 'em singin'."

Nebraska shouts up the aisle. Women are shouting all over the house. The babies are crying. The men are shouting and turning over seats. Women are running out of the house. One man shouts until he falls. They carry him out and lay him on the grass, and go back where the eternal roar of the fight with the Devil is louder than spring thunder. Nebraska is in the lead and the crowd follows her around the aisles.

"Shoutin' don't put you behind the pearly gates," says Brother Prichard. "You got to be baptized. Brothers and sisters, you can't be jest sprinkled but you've got to be soused under in a river of runnin' water. Tomorrow you men and women come to the Ford and we'll baptize there at ten o'clock. Some of you might die if we wait till next Sunday. Jest take a day out of the crops and be at the Ford."

The crowd stops shouting. The people walk off the hill by lantern light. They walk down the road past the black haw bushes now greened with tender April leaves.

"Glory to God," shouts Nebraska as she walks over the hill. "Glory to God! I'm a saved woman!"

The dew is on the corn and the twisted ropes of morning glories around the fenceposts. The dew is on the grass and on the leaves of the black haw bushes. Dew is a silver quilt that covers April's wind-quivering green.

"What a mornin'," says Enzy, "fer Braska's baptizin'."

Enzy gears the mules and hitches them to the express wagon. Nebraska climbs on the seat beside Enzy. The express-wagon wheels spin on the dry-April dirt. They speed along against the splashes of early morning sunlight that rises behind the tulip trees on an eastern hill slope.

Brother Eastham Prichard stands in front of the group gathered at the Little Sandy River for the baptizing.

"Sing, Sisters and Brothers, while I measure the water," says Brother Eastham Prichard. He goes in deeper, measuring the water with a light chestnut fence rail. He prods

along and feels with the rail, singing, singing. Green leaves float on the muddy water, and pieces of broken twigs. On the bank is a big crowd of brown-colored sun-tanned people. The people sing, "Yes, we shall gather by the river."

"Silence," says Brother Prichard, throwing up big hands while the rail floats down the river with the leaves. "Silence in the World of God. Fred McCarty, you and Juice Pembroke bring Sister Braska out here so that she may taste the waters of life!"

Nebraska claps her hands and screams: "Blessed Jesus. Blessed Jesus." Then her cries simmer down to throbs, "Uh-uh-huh-uh." And her hair has come from the twist and flies loose to the wind. Juice Pembroke reaches for her arm. She flinches.

"Let him have your hand, Sister Braska," says Brother Prichard. "Don't be juberous. He's not goin' to hurt you."

Nebraska consents among her sobs and shouts and screams. Fred grabs her by the other arm. They make headway for the water.

"Sing, Brothers and Sisters," says Brother Prichard standing out hip-deep in the river.

Plop-plop, they wade into the river. The crowd sings on the bank.

"Ooooh," says Nebraska among

her sobs and shouts as she wades into the cool river.

"Don't be afeard, Sister Braska," says Brother Prichard, "you know I'm not goin' to hurt you. It's your sins that have hurt you. It will all be over in a minute. Hold that shoulder there, Brother Fred."

Brother Prichard takes her by the arm and shoulder with his hands and says, "I baptize you in the name of the Father—" his words are muffled by the din of shouts from the bank.

"Oh, Lord," says Nebraska, as she comes out of the river spitting water and wiping water out of her eyes with her hands. Blinded by water in her eyes and fighting with her hands Nebraska throws Brother Prichard off balance in the water. He goes under and Fred goes backward. "Oh, God, Hallaueh," Nebraska shouts. She starts toward the river bank, clapping her hands. Her wet dress clings to her body:

"Glory be to God, glory!" Nebraska shouts.

The women start shouting and running through the brush on the river bank. They come to the edge of the water and grab Nebraska. By this time Brother Prichard comes out of the water coughing

and spitting and hollering: "Glory, glory to his name!" Fred is coming out of the water, his pants stuck to his thin form, his big, crooked horse-knees and fence-rail shanks. "Glory, glory!" Fred shouts.

Nebraska shoos women right and left, and up the hill she goes like an addled pullet with Enzy after her with the screaming baby in his arms.

"She come through! Braska come through!" shouts Esther. She leaps in the air like a shot rabbit and takes after Nebraska, right up through the horseweeds, the ragweeds, the smartweeds. The crowd follows, singing and shouting. The horses and mules break loose from the trees to founder in the unfenced fields of green corn.

Nebraska gets a good lead and no one can follow the path she breaks through the weeds. She reaches the cornfield and shouts along the edge of the cornfield until she finds the road again. She circles now like a rabbit and comes back to a dry heap of sand. She falls and quivers like a killed black snake, exhausted, her wet clothes enclosing her giant form closer than an eggshell encloses an egg. The three hundred, shouting, throng close on her trail.

CROWN PRINCES TO THE DICTATORS

Who are the "number two" men in the totalitarian states? Three writers familiar with Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy respectively here give their answers. The world already knows Hitler's and Mussolini's heirs-apparent, but Stalin's "number two" man, Lavrenti Beria, is practically unknown outside Russia. — Ed.

I. HERMANN WILHELM GOERING

BY ALBERT BRANDT

IN HIS melodramatic speech before the Reichstag at the outbreak of the war the Führer announced: "Should anything happen to me in the struggle, then my first successor is Party Comrade Goering." But the paunchy Party Comrade Goering did not wait for Adolf Hitler to fall in battle before assuming a power almost equal to that of the Leader. While Hitler, moody and mystical, retires for long periods to his eagle's nest in Berchtesgaden, the job of running Germany in the war is left to his energetic, bluff right-hand man, Goering. Hitler remains the introspective prophet of Germany's mission, depending upon Goering, the realistic extrovert, to manage the practical side of power-politics. Contemptuous of philosophy, whether Aryan or otherwise, Goer-

ing is eminently suited for the rôle he occupies. He is the party boss *par excellence*, who purges or appoints with equal zest and knows just when to relax or tighten the reins of power.

Hitler is a man of sudden flashes and "secret voices" who communes only indirectly with his following. He remains someone apart, to be worshipped from a distance. But the lusty Goering is flesh and blood of the Nazi mass. He typifies the appetites, passions and ruthlessness of the Nazi bureaucracy. His enormous bulk, waddling through the Reich, draped in white silk and gold braid, is more comprehensible to most Germans than the austere bachelor and vegetarian who descends from his mountain retreat to point the finger of destiny.

There is something naïve and

earthy in Goering's grossness which the masses relish. Those very characteristics which a shrewder man would have concealed have gained for Goering an enormous popularity in the Third Reich. His gluttony is proverbial but the masses have simply labeled him "The King of Fat" and laughed it off. His vanity has filled his closets with dozens of fantastic uniforms, ranging from the mailed costume of the ancient Teutonic knights to the white satin of his own design. He has taken over a score of titles, built for himself lavish palaces, plundered museums and private collections to decorate his rooms with El Grecos, Raphaels, Titians and Rembrandts. He has, by the simple process of expropriation, become the largest industrialist in Germany. Not so many years ago penniless, he is today one of the richest men in Europe.

Goering scorns moderation, whether in politics or personal affairs. After the Nazis seized power he erected a memorial to his first wife, the Baroness Karin von Fock, whom he had married in Sweden in 1925 and who died in 1931. When it was unveiled, all Germany was required to go into mourning. Government buildings were draped in black. An altar was built before which candles burn constantly. His marriage soon after to his pres-

ent wife, the beautiful Emmy Sonnemann, was decreed an occasion for national jubilation. Goering crowned her with a diadem of precious stones as if she were wedding a king. His amusements are Rabelaisian extravaganzas. He has donned the costume of a Teuton chieftain and invited foreign diplomats to join him in witnessing the copulation of bison to the thunder of Wagnerian opera in the garden of his hunting lodge. He goes boar-hunting spear in hand and afterwards regales his companions at the festive board with descriptions of executions he has observed where the medieval axe, reintroduced by the Nazis, was used. He likes to be referred to as "Iron Hermann," and his emblem is a fist clutching an iron ring. But at his order it has been made a crime in Germany to broil lobsters alive.

II

In Germany it is commonly believed that Goering's eccentricities flow from injuries received during his World War service as an aviator in the Richthofen squadron. It is said that his eunuch-like obesity which has turned the slim, blonde war pilot into a shapeless mass, was caused by wounds leading to a loss of virility. Even when his second

wife gave birth to a daughter this rumor was not silenced. Berlin whispered that she had gone to Switzerland not for the confinement but in order to adopt a child. It is known that Goering acquired the morphine habit during the war under the strain of service at the front. For a time he was certified as insane in Sweden and committed to the Asylum at Langbro, where he was kept in the section reserved for serious cases.

Goering has not allowed Nazi doctrine to interfere with his lust for authority. Even during the World War he mixed patriotism with old-fashioned graft. Dr. Fritz Gerlich produced documents in 1933 which showed that Captain Goering had used his position as a flier at the front to swing airplane orders to certain aviation companies in exchange for "presents." It was Goering who won over the Krupps, Thyssens and Kirdorfs to support the Nazi Party. He winked broadly when they pursed their lips at the socialist planks in the Nazi platform; and in 1928, at his suggestion, Hitler announced that the anti-capitalist principles applied only to profiteers.

The collaboration between Hitler and Goering which began in 1921 is one of the most amazing political partnerships on record.

Hitler functions as the soul and Goering as the body of National Socialism. Hitler can send his followers spinning on a frenetic ideological jag but it is to Goering, the simple opportunist, that they must apply the morning after. Goering does not talk in the high-powered, messianic lingo of the Führer. He talks simply in his bellowing crescendo of material things near to every German's heart: sausage, babies, home, vacations. He speaks extemporaneously in a crude vernacular, seasoning his talk with the brutal epithets of the street. The Nazi compound of radicalism, ultra-patriotism and anti-Semitism was simply good business to Goering and he has expressed himself bluntly. He once openly remarked at a war aviators' banquet: "The Social-Democrats held power for ten or twelve years. I wonder if we can hold on as long." He has salted away money in Switzerland and Italy, just in case.

In the top ranks of the Nazi Party, Goering is feared because he has a record of always getting his man. Ernst Roehm, whose power over the Storm Troopers Goering distrusted, and Gregor Strasser, who was the radical of the party, both fell on June 30, 1934, as Goering's victims. These men would have made their peace with

Hitler but for Goering's interference. Goering detests Goebbels and Himmler, and in every crisis the unhappy propaganda dwarf and the chief of the Gestapo scurry to Hitler to prevent Goering from assassinating them in an "incident." Goering lacks completely the shrewd political instinct of Hitler or the cultivated astuteness of Herr Hess, the man the Führer has selected as his second successor should Goering die. He knows only bluster and force.

Goering has aimed for power. He is Minister-President of Prussia with official control over the

Gestapo, leader and builder of the mighty German Air Force, Marshal of the German Reich, Commissioner of the Four Year Plan which makes him economic dictator of Germany, and Chairman of the powerful Council of Ministers for Defense of the State which shares with Hitler power to decree laws in Germany. But would he be able to run Germany once Hitler was gone? Without the messianic appeal of the Leader, the *Reichsmarschall* may prove an empty shell. These Siamese twins of dictatorship may fall together because of this.

II. LAVRENTI BERIA

BY BORIS SHUB

THE true importance of a Soviet politician must never be judged by the volume of attention he receives in the foreign press. Consider the case of Lavrenti Beria, head of the Commissariat of Internal Affairs, which is still generally referred to as the GPU. Almost unknown abroad and only dimly known at home, he is still shrouded in mystery. Nevertheless, close students of Soviet affairs consider him the person now closest to the dictator and the one most likely to inherit his power.

Beria hails from the Caucasus, from the Georgia that spawned Joseph Djugashvili, better known as Stalin. He has just turned forty, which means that he is exactly twenty years younger than his boss. Tall, bronze of complexion, wearing a bourgeois pince-nez, he is more polished in appearance than most Soviet leaders. His speech, however, betrays a Georgian accent even more marked than Stalin's.

About his early career in the Caucasus there are two accounts. According to the *official* version,

Beria joined the Georgian Bolshevik Party in 1917 and during the following four years carried out dangerous assignments for the Cheka, or Secret Police, against the local Menshevik regime. This version endows him with the standardized halo of early heroism requisite for Soviet leadership. The *unofficial* version is much less flattering. It records Beria as a Menshevik from 1917 until the spring of 1921, when the Bolsheviks took over in Georgia. Beria was, of course, not the only one to change color for reasons of expediency, but the years which he spent safely in the camp of the government party of Georgia were later credited to his Bolshevik record, with heroic trimmings. Apparently someone high in the councils of the Communist Party was sufficiently interested to fix the records for him.

In any case, it is known that in 1922, at the age of twenty-two, Beria became chief of the Transcaucasian Cheka. Two years later, when the Georgian Socialists staged an uprising, he suppressed it ruthlessly. So high-handed were his operations that even the pro-Soviet British Trade Union Delegation, visiting the Caucasus at the time, recommended the abolition of the Transcaucasian Cheka. Moscow reassured the delegation by disclaim-

ing all responsibility, and Beria continued to busy himself with mass executions in Georgia. He was rewarded in 1932 by appointment as chief of the Transcaucasian and Georgian Communist Parties, while retaining his post as GPU chief for the area, a remarkable concentration of power in the hands of one young man.

A new task was soon entrusted to Comrade Beria, requiring even greater ruthlessness. He was commissioned to write a history of the Bolshevik Party in the Caucasus. Beria understood his assignment perfectly. He realized that it was no accident that he, a veteran Secret Service man, had been selected for the job. He knew he was expected to write a biography of Stalin in the Caucasus, especially for those earlier years when Stalin's rôle was less than heroic. By July, 1935, Beria's history was ready. He delivered it in the form of a two-day lecture to party functionaries in Tiflis. The date is significant. It was in July, 1935, that Stalin began the great purge which was to wipe out the old Bolshevik leaders, Georgian as well as Russian.

Beria overwhelmed his audience with a barrage of new "archives" and "documents" proving that there had been no true Bolshevik leaders in the Caucasus except

Stalin, who emerged from his deft hands as a towering giant surrounded by pitiful pigmies. The activities of Abel Yenukidze, Budu Mdivani and other Caucasian Bolsheviks were brushed aside with abuse and scorn. The product of this "research" was then published in a volume entitled *On the History of the Bolshevik Organization in Transcaucasia*. The distortions were obvious and ludicrous. But they were not enough. In later editions Beria had to falsify the biography further to make it conform to the course of the continuing purge.

II

During the second Moscow show trial, in January, 1937, two Bolshevik leaders, Serebriakov and Piatakov, confessed to a vast anti-Soviet plot in the Caucasus involving Mdivani and other Georgian leaders and aiming, among other things, at the assassination of Beria. Serebriakov and Piatakov were duly "convicted" and executed. A fortnight later Ordzhonikidze, member of the all-powerful Political Bureau of the ruling party, suffered a convenient heart attack and passed on; he was a Georgian and had known a lot of the truth about Stalin's early obscurity. The following July eight leading

Georgian communists, headed by Mdivani, were shot. In September the Premier and Vice-Premier of Georgia, both Stalin's appointees, were shot. In December the remaining Old Bolsheviks of the region, Yenukidze and Orakhelashvili, were shot. Stalin's new biography was safe! His historian-executioner, Beria, had not merely removed question marks but had wiped out all of Stalin's contemporaries in Georgia. The witnesses were dead, the "archives" in safe hands.

After the Georgian Bolshevik Party was shot out of existence, Beria moved quickly to the top. Summoned to Moscow in the summer of 1938, he was made assistant to Yezhov, whose days as chief of the GPU were drawing to a close. Yezhov had labored zealously to rid Stalin of all possible sources of real and potential opposition in the party and the army. He had become the most thoroughly hated man in the Soviet Union. Few tears were shed on December 8, 1938, when the *Pravda* and the *Izvestia* curtly announced the removal of Yezhov "in accordance with his request." The population as a whole knew little of his successor and hoped that Beria's appointment signaled the end of the purge. Stalin had chosen with great shrewdness the moment for

introducing his Caucasian favorite.

Beria began by reorganizing the Kremlin garrison and Stalin's personal guard, filling these strategic positions with hand-picked Caucasian stalwarts. A new purge of the GPU followed, eliminating all of Yezhov's men. Beria then proceeded with a new sweep of the party ranks, hastening to Kiev and Minsk to supervise in person the purge of the Ukraine and White Russia. Shortly thereafter, 6000 new arrests in the Young Communist League were reported. At the same time, one of Beria's assistants delivered a speech to the agents of the GPU assembled in the Lubianka headquarters, bitterly assailing Yezhov for his failure to distinguish between the innocent and the guilty. He admitted that entirely too many innocent people had perished — but warned that countless "wreckers" and "spies" were still at large. Thus he kept the country suspended between hope and fear.

At the Congress of the Communist Party in March, 1939, Beria was designated an alternate member of the Political Bureau, the supreme ruling body of the Soviet Union. His full membership therein merely awaits an opportune occasion. Others in the Political Bureau enjoy the limelight. Molotov makes the noisy speeches. Zhdanov and War Commissar Voroshilov took the rap for the defeats of the Red Army in Finland. Lazar Kaganovitch must assume responsibility for the chronic industrial chaos and disorganization of transportation. Beria remains relatively in the background, but more secure and more powerful.

Is it but chance that in the end Stalin finds it necessary to summon a Georgian compatriot to guard the Kremlin and his power? Beria is perhaps the only man in the USSR whom Stalin has reason to trust. If Stalin were in a position to choose his successor, it is difficult to imagine a more likely heir than Beria.

III. COUNT GALEAZZO CIANO

BY ALAN CRANSTON

BENITO MUSSOLINI's son-in-law and apparent choice as heir to the Italian dictatorship, Count Galeazzo Ciano, is blessed with a

singular talent. He convinces all but the most astute observers that he is a fool. Italians privately ridicule him because he often throws

back his head as if in imitation of Il Duce, and because he is married to the boss's daughter. Actually, he tilts his head backward and juts his chin forward because sinus trouble interferes with his breathing, and insiders insist that to have married Edda Mussolini was in itself a master stroke.

Ciano worships Mussolini as a master statesman who has created a new design for the political evolution of the world. Once he tried out Il Duce's fruit-and-vegetable diet, and undoubtedly he now and then scowls and swaggers in the manner of his idol, but this is hardly stupid in a land where "the leader is always right." While others laughed, Ciano became the world's youngest Foreign Minister four years ago, and he has retained the job. Mussolini has never been one to promote potential rivals, and that is another reason why many underestimate the only other man whom Il Duce has ever permitted to enjoy prolonged Fascist glory. But at the age of thirty-six, Ciano can scarcely challenge Mussolini, who said in a speech in 1927, "My successor is not yet born." Ciano blandly explains to intimates, "He meant I hadn't married Edda yet."

Like Il Duce, Edda has an intense, strong-chinned face and dark penetrating eyes; she is forceful,

and much too ambitious to have married a scatterbrain. The dictator's daughter means to retain through her husband the power she has acquired through her father. She frequently accompanies Galeazzo on his excursions to foreign capitals, but to the suggestion that his wife wears the diplomatic pants, Ciano responds, "A clever husband always takes his wife's advice — when he thinks it sound." Privately, the Cianos go separate ways; Edda leaves the three children largely in the care of governesses, and plays bridge and dances in a gay set just outside Rome's aloof aristocracy; Galeazzo sits in clubs with young friends, or goes on moonlit parties along the Mediterranean coast.

Ciano is a Count simply because Edda wanted to be a Countess. Like most of the political leaders in the dictator states, he is not of aristocratic stock. Yet a decided lack of revolutionary experience may be his undoing if, as is probable, he has to fight for the right to succeed Mussolini. Galeazzo's father, Costanzo Ciano, was the genius responsible for that famous feat, getting the Italian trains on schedule. This won for old Ciano the everlasting gratitude of Il Duce, and put him where he could help his son.

After a formal education culminating in his graduation from law school, Galeazzo became a journalist in the tradition of Mussolini, Trotsky and Stalin. But unlike those revolutionaries, he wrote poetry — for the inside pages of Rome newspapers. Young Ciano spent his days and nights in the Bohemian atmosphere of the capital's literary cafés, and wrote two unsuccessful plays. This while Italo Balbo and Dino Grandi were castor-oiling Italian communists, socialists, democrats and republicans, and General Badoglio was mopping up the natives in torrid Libya. Yet these three are the men with whom Ciano may one day have to deal. Even now Ciano enjoys Shakespeare (for his portrayal of the glories of ancient and medieval Italy) and Walt Whitman (for what he considers his fascist-spirited virility). But he abandoned his own literary efforts when an unfortunate daily named *Nuovo Paese* expired soon after he became its drama critic.

II

With diplomats in the Palazzo Chigi and in foreign chancelleries, Ciano is as reserved and precise as a British peer; with friends and newspapermen he is a boisterous,

back-slapping American fraternity lad. When he can be himself he tends to be somewhat morose, and often the corners of his mouth unconsciously drop and his expression becomes petulant. He dislikes the formality of conference-table diplomacy, and in the summertime he speeds to the beach at Castel Fusano each noon for lunch and a quick swim. Squatting on the sand in bathing trunks, he chats with the foreign envoys who daily gather and bare their skins to the hot Italian sun in hope of getting in a word with the one man in the country who can go straight to Mussolini. Muscular, always well tanned, with his black hair touseled after a swim, Ciano could be mistaken for an athlete only a year or so out of training; swimmer, fencer, horseback rider, he looks ruefully down at a thickening midriff.

At his desk ten hours daily on a strict hour-by-hour schedule, Ciano holds regular morning conferences with the heads of various departments of his ministry, and every afternoon receives about ten outsiders. He is familiar with all the intricate mechanics of his branch of Mussolini's government, for he started his diplomatic career as an underling in the foreign office. Then, with his father pulling strings, he became secretary of the

Rio de Janeiro embassy in 1928, and secretary of the embassy to the Vatican in 1929. He married Edda in 1930, and within two years he was Minister to China. In 1935 he was taken into Mussolini's Cabinet as Press Minister. Although he has never been rated a good pilot, Ciano was appointed commander of the Desperate Squadron when Italy attacked Ethiopia. Unfortunately, Addis Ababa had no tall apartment houses, and Mussolini intended to make use of the Djibuti-Addis Ababa railway. So with a skull and cross-bones embroidered on his black jacket, and "I don't give a damn" painted on his plane, Il Duce's son-in-law led his comrades (including Bruno and Vittorio Mussolini, then aged seventeen and eighteen) in furious bombings of native mud huts. Still Press Minister, Ciano set rolling for his own benefit all the vast powers of the justly famed Fascist propaganda machine. Finally Mussolini sent an angry telegram, "Immediately stop self-publicity. It's beginning to look like a one-man war."

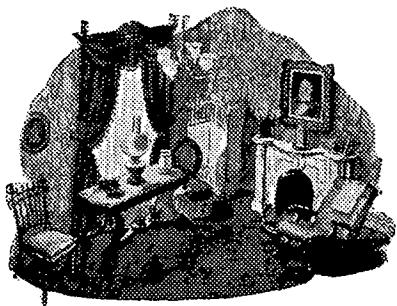
Shortly after he returned to Rome with two silver medals and the rank of major, Ciano was sitting in his Press Ministry office. The phone rang and Mussolini's

voice boomed, "Give this notice to the press: Il Duce today named Count Galeazzo Ciano Foreign Minister of Italy." Soon thereafter Ciano proffered a unique explanation of the Ethiopian hostilities. "We didn't want war," he said. "We wanted Ethiopia." Ciano has signed four important pacts. The Anglo-Italian Gentlemen's Agreement of January, 1937, which failed to improve Anglo-Italian manners, was replaced by a second accord in April, 1938. The Anti-Comintern Pact, forged in November, 1937, cracked the day the Nazi-Soviet alliance was signed. The vitality of the Rome-Berlin axis of October, 1936, remained a matter of doubt until the day Italy went to war. All of which is not necessarily a reflection on Ciano as a diplomat, for Mussolini has declared, "The greatest value of an agreement is that it can be repudiated for more substantial advantages."

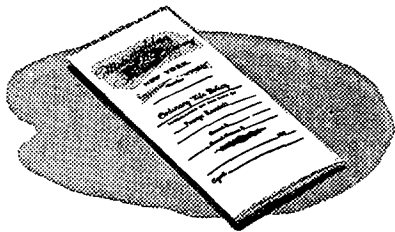
Ciano has carried out his orders well, and his shrewd analyses of the attitudes of foreign leaders have been indispensable to Mussolini in a crucial period. Italians gave Il Duce the entire credit for their country's long neutrality — and they still consider Ciano a fool. But his father-in-law thinks he knows better.

The story of the home . . .

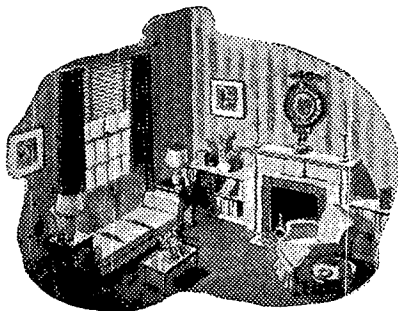
MANY YEARS AGO, a man bought a house. Naturally, he furnished his home in the style of the day.



At the same time, he bought a Metropolitan Life Insurance Policy. Today, he still owns that policy, and he still lives in that same home.



But as times have changed, his taste in furnishing his home has changed, too. For example, the living room has been completely modernized. Here, as in other rooms, old-fashioned furniture has been replaced by up-to-date pieces. Electricity, telephones, and an improved heating plant have been installed in the house.



However, the physical appearance of his life insurance policy probably has not changed a bit. It looks exactly as it did



the day he bought it. Yet it, too, may have been modernized to the great advantage of the policyholder. For, as experience showed it to be possible, the Company was enabled to give *more* in many cases, than was called for in the original policy.

And, unlike the improvements to his house, which represent an outlay of cash, any additional benefits to which he is now entitled under his policy have been made available although no change in the premium rate was or could have been made.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the New York World's Fair and

and the life insurance policy

► For example, a policy issued before 1915 did not provide for participation in the surplus earnings of the Company. Today, the holder of such a policy receives his share of the divisible surplus in the form of a dividend on his policy.

Many policyholders, who have found it impossible to continue the payment of the required premiums on their policies, have been delighted to find that the non-forfeiture values available under such circumstances are, in some cases, now much larger than those specified in their policies.

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► The changes cited above illustrate the progress that has been made in liberalizing the terms of Metropolitan life insurance policies, and in providing more benefits. Each change has brought the policyholder some real advantage which the original contract did not obligate Metropolitan to provide.

These improvements in old policies have been made voluntarily by Metropolitan as part of its effort to provide the policyholder with the utmost possible protection and service.

► If you are in doubt as to whether your old policies have become more advantageous since you bought them years ago, your Metropolitan Agent will gladly examine them and ascertain whether there are any additional benefits to which you may now be entitled.

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at the Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.

AN AMERICAN TRIES TOKYO'S JAILS

By J. P. McEvoy

JAMES RUSSELL YOUNG, known to every newspaper man in the Far East as "Jimmy," has come home to this country with a new chapter on foreign correspondence, entitled: "My Sixty-One Days in a Japanese Jail, or One Hundred and Eight Meals with Chopsticks."

For ten years Jimmy has been Far Eastern manager of Hearst's International News Service and King Features Syndicate, and has worn out countless pairs of striped trousers and morning coats calling on Japanese editors and advertising managers, for morning coats are the business sack-suits of Nippon. Last Fall he took a flying look-see around China, after which he cabled his American papers to the effect that the Chinese were holding their own and the Japanese were getting mighty sick of the whole business and would be glad to quit if they could find a good face-saving formula. All in the day's work, you might say, except he made the mistake of coming back to Japan and repeating all this and more at a private dinner party

of Japanese industrialists. Next morning the clerk at the desk of the Imperial Hotel called his room and said there was a gentleman downstairs to see him.

"Do I know him?" inquired Jimmy.

"You've seen him," said the clerk. "He sits around here in the lobby."

"Oho," said Jimmy, "get me the American Embassy, right away."

The third secretary from the Embassy and the little man from downstairs arrived at Jimmy's door simultaneously. The little man, whom we will call Togo, was five feet two, had stiff black hair that stood out all around his head, like a Japanese doll's, and was dressed Western style, which means his pants were not pressed. Would Mr. Young come with him to the Marunouchi police station for a small talk? Mr. Young would if Mr. William A. Turner of the American Embassy went along. Togo was properly indignant that Mr. Young didn't trust him. Be-

sides, how could they go in the Embassy car? That would be an international complication. Mr. Young appreciated the honorable Togo's embarrassment, but also felt he would be plenty embarrassed himself if he ever delivered himself to the police without letting the Embassy know where he was going. Such things have happened before to foreigners, and the Oriental disregard for time has found expression in the complete disappearance of such people, for weeks and months.

The Marunouchi police station is one block from the Imperial Hotel, and when Jimmy arrived he found a half dozen police, in uniform and plain clothes, seated behind a long refectory table on which were piled countless pamphlets, books, documents, and neatly arranged stacks of typewritten papers, all of which Jimmy later learned represented the contents of his waste-paper baskets for some years back. It occurred to him then to be amazed anew at the thriftiness of the Japanese and the thoroughness of their Secret Service.

While he was trying to explain that there was no political significance in such sentences as "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," more

detectives arrived at the hotel and demanded entrance to his apartment. His wife, Marjorie, wouldn't let them in, but after they informed her they would break down the door if necessary she opened it, and they gathered up all of Jimmy's papers, including old checkbook stubs, cancelled checks, receipted milk bills, and carbons of 4000 sales letters in which there was proof sufficient that Jimmy had been spending years spreading American culture in the Far East by insidiously selling comic strips and Walter Winchell. During the thirty days of questioning that followed he had plenty of opportunity to explain each and every letter, as well as a great many other things for which he never dreamed there was any explanation possible.

For example, the following suspicious entry in his little red memo book: "ΦΓΔ — noon Shanghai, Friday 27." Was that code? "No," said Jimmy, "that's Phi Gamma Delta, a Greek letter fraternity meeting."

"So! You are Greek?" Jimmy explained that he was an American, that he didn't know any Greeks, that as far as he knew the Greeks were not organizing to overthrow the Japanese Empire. Two interrogators were now organized into a Greek Letter Quiz Department,

and for three days Jimmy was questioned on fraternities, the Greek alphabet (which he made up by reciting the names of all the Greek letter societies he had ever heard of), and the social life of the American undergraduate.

"But this is Secret Society?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"So! How many members?"

"Forty-two thousand," said Jimmy, "including the late Calvin Coolidge." The examiner wrote down Calvin Coolidge and made a note to investigate him later. "And," added Jimmy, "three Japanese members, one the president of the Tokyo Gas Company, Yale graduate, 1879, with twenty-three grandchildren. Why not ask him about it?"

"*Baka!*" barked the examiner, meaning "Fool!"

The notation, "Alumni dues," on an old check stub, started five days of questioning on education, conducted by the Thought Police. To what college did he go? What courses did he take? Who were his teachers? What did he learn? Jimmy had often asked himself this question, but never in such detail. The item "Arden Farms, La Jolla, California, \$14.65 — milk," required three days to clear up. Where was this? When did he go there? How long did he stay and

why was it called Arden? What does La Jolla mean? Whom did he know there? How could he explain such a large expenditure for milk?

"There were eggs, too," said Jimmy wearily; which was a mistake, for now the Japanese knew he couldn't be telling the truth. Where would a milk man get eggs? Besides, even if this was just milk, no family could drink that much milk in a year. "That's for a month," said Jimmy, knowing he couldn't possibly be believed, for the Japanese quota is two table-spoons daily per family.

"And what this please — 'Licker, \$10.00?'" There were three dictionaries on the table and "licker" was not in any of them. "Hah!" said the examiner triumphantly, waving Jimmy's explanations away, "Code! So!" A radio script came next — a copy of a broadcast, sponsored by Purina, that Jimmy had made a year before in Chicago, with Al Jolson and Mrs. Walrath of the famous Cradle in Evanston. How the Japanese ever got a copy of that Jimmy will never know. After three days of exhaustive questioning he utterly failed to explain to the Japanese police who Al Jolson is, what the Cradle was all about, and who, where, or why is Purina.

II

At night Jimmy would go back to his bare cell, in which the light was kept burning day and night, and sit cross-legged on his straw mat until time to lie down for sleep. The cell — with bars of wood — was in the basement, there was no heat in the jail, and Tokyo in January is as cold as Albany. Marjorie borrowed clothes all over town and Jimmy put on everything she brought him and never took it off, even for questioning. What the well-dressed man should wear in Japanese jails is suggested by Jimmy's outfit, consisting of three suits of woolen underwear, worn in layers, a sweatshirt, a suit, three sweaters, two pairs of golf stockings, and Ambassador Grew's fur-lined overcoat. The last arrived in the Embassy car, properly impressing the jailers who, like all Japanese, were sticklers for etiquette and ceremonial. Ambassador Grew is a huge man, some six feet three, and his overcoat, black broadcloth lined with sealskin, trimmed with beaver, covered Jimmy like a tent. It also saved his life, for he lived and ate and exercised and slept in it. That and a beret bought in Indo-China, worn tight over his head to keep his brains from congealing. No shoes

— "You're not going anywhere."

As for food, he was allowed anything he could pay for, so two bell boys in green uniforms and brass buttons would appear at mealtime with a black lacquer box which contained minute steak, lobster thermidor, and strawberry shortcake from the Imperial Hotel kitchen. This box was always reverently inspected by the Thought Police, who would sit and watch him eat, fascinated by the variety and amount of food this foreigner could put away. The American breakfast — costing a dollar or more — with fruit, ham and eggs, cereal, toast and coffee, was a special source of wonder to them, for the typical Japanese breakfast consists of four tablespoonfuls of barley and rice mixed, black bean soup, seaweed, and a pickled horse-radish. Cost: two cents. "This has all vitamins make Japanese soldier so victorious in China," he was told.

No knives or forks! "Because," explained the jailer courteously, "we know you are guilty and you will soon recognize this fact and then you will be so ashamed you will commit *hara kiri*." Which means, literally, "belly cutting," a rather untidy way of committing suicide for so tidy a people as the Japanese. Result: chopsticks for a hundred and eight meals, and won-

derful opportunities for developing dexterity, what with manipulating oatmeal, peas, broccoli, and artichokes, not to mention fried eggs. Fresh chopsticks were served every meal, and Jimmy would break them up into small pieces and use them for match tricks to while away the hours. He would secrete them in Ambassador Grew's overcoat, together with lumps of sugar which he would mark up as dice. Special Japanese patented sugar, this, for inside each lump was a small amount of coffee. You drop the lump into hot water, and presto!

Between meals Jimmy drank tea, which he would make outside the cell for his jailers and himself. This was a special privilege, enabling him to stretch his legs a bit, and was his only recreation except when he was allowed to step outside his cell and groom Ambassador Grew's overcoat. Sometimes Jimmy would spend a whole hour on one sleeve, for so long as he appeared busy, just so long could he stay out of his cell.

No visitors were allowed the first month, and then Jimmy was transferred to Sugamo Prison, still dressed in his overcoat and beret, and carrying his library, consisting of *The Good Earth*, the New Testament, *Gone With the Wind*, and the funny papers.

Sugamo is in a suburb of Tokyo, and Jimmy will always remember the ride because his guards got lost and couldn't find the penitentiary, and spent an hour wandering around inquiring of the neighbors.

The routine in Sugamo was a little different. He was bugled out of bed, or rather off the floor, at five-thirty in the morning, and after dusting his room with a pygmy-sized broom and brushing his teeth, he made a single ceremonial bow in the direction of the Emperor's palace and had breakfast, cooked to perfection by the prisoner chefs, who, he was proudly informed, were formerly chefs for the Imperial Hotel, the NYK luxury liners, and the exclusive Olympia Club. At Sugamo Jimmy was, after a while, allowed a knife and fork. Occasionally, when he felt the need of a manicure, a nail clipper attached to a dustpan by a chain was presented to him. The doctors in the hospital liked to practice their English and German, and exchanged sun lamp treatments. Any ruse to spend time out of his cell, decided Jimmy. But you can take only so much sun lamp, so he worked out a system of broiling himself front and back on alternate days.

The Benzedrine inhaler presented a different problem. No

prisoner could be allowed to keep such a potential instrument of destruction in his possession, so twice a day the inhaler, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, was formally carried in by a guard. Jimmy was permitted one sniff at exactly seven a.m., and another at exactly five p.m. The inhaler was then carefully rewrapped in its silk handkerchief and taken away, but not before Jimmy had signed a receipt for this medical attention, with his thumb-print.

Meanwhile the questioning continued. Three typists were kept busy, fifteen hundred pages of answers were accumulated, dozens of investigators were scouring the town, bringing in new leads for questioning. Everyone Jimmy had ever seen or been seen with or talked to in ten years was suspect. There are 204 members of the Tokyo Rotary Club, all Japanese but five. Going over the membership list Jimmy pointed out that he knew 110 of these personally. "If you are going to question each one of these separately," said Jimmy, thinking to frighten them with the enormity of the task, "it will take six months at least."

"Oh yes, to be sure," said the chief interrogator. "Sometimes it take two years. Sometimes three." Jimmy was sure that Ambassador

Grew's overcoat wouldn't last that long. Neither would Jimmy, for it is one of the rules that no suspect is allowed to take a bath while under questioning.

III

Visiting wives are discouraged at Sugamo because they always cry so much, and Marjorie had great difficulty arranging the first visit. But after that it was easy, for Jimmy looked so comical to her in his prison garb that she burst out laughing, which made a big hit with the Warden. After that she came often.

The police never booked Jimmy, never admitted he was under arrest or was in prison. They were "examining his thoughts. He was National Guest." But outside the door of his cell hung a regulation prisoner's head-basket, which he was supposed to slip over his head to hide his shame whenever he was taken out of prison for questioning. Jimmy, being shameless, skipped along, swinging it in his hand, to the great chagrin and embarrassment of his guard, one of whom had acquired, as his entire English vocabulary, the phrase "What of it?" which he would mutter darkly at irregular intervals. Daily "Undo," or sport, consisted of running

around for an hour in your own private little pen inside the penitentiary. If you stopped running, even to catch your breath, it was decided you didn't need exercise, so you were sent back to your cell. It took some ingenuity to beat this, but Jimmy did it by starting to practice imaginary golf swings. This gave him "big face," for it seems that an important government official once interned there had done the same thing.

Five weeks of questioning over, Jimmy was now allowed a bath and a bed. All in good time he was to have a trial, too, with three lawyers to defend him, one of whom was a present from a wealthy Japanese sympathizer. Meanwhile he carried on "Undo," and bought caramels, cut flowers, and a small potted orchid costing three yen (seventy cents) from the commissary pushcart which was wheeled through the corridors of the prison every afternoon, with the vendor crying his wares, which included also bean paste, gum drops, seaweed, and post cards entitled "Peaceful Scenes in China."

The trial lasted three mornings. The public was excluded from the courtroom seven minutes after the opening, on the ground that the case was "liable to impair public peace and order." The prosecuting

attorney sat on the bench with the judge, and Jimmy was not allowed to communicate in any way with his counsel for defense. The charge was violation of Article 99 of the Army Criminal Code — "Fabrication and spreading of false rumors." Jimmy was found guilty on two counts and sentenced to six months imprisonment, with a stay of execution of three years — a rather light sentence, given in view of the fact that the accused was foreign-born and came from America where "freedom of speech is highly prized."

After sentence was pronounced Jimmy was taken back to prison and that evening was released. Marjorie and some friends drove out in a car to greet him and spirit him away to some place where he would have no opportunity to discuss the trial or the sentence. As they waited, they heard loud cheering. The gate opened and Jimmy appeared, surrounded by his jailers, who waved him affectionate farewell and shouted "*Banzai*" (may you live ten thousand years). An episode so crowded with incongruous incidents could scarcely end on a commonplace note. In the prisoner's lapel as he came out of jail was a jaunty green carnation, and in his hand he carried a present for his wife — a delicate orchid.

► *The fall and rise of Faithful Mary
is an epic tale of Negro Harlem.*

FATHER DIVINE'S REBEL ANGEL

BY CLAUDE McKAY

THOUGH this is the story of the revolt and repentance of Faithful Mary, premier angel in Father Divine's kingdom, the fate of Sufi Abdul Hamid is woven into it and needs to be told too. For the Sufi would probably not have dared to challenge Divine, only to be ambushed by the angel of death, had he not believed, along with the rest of the nation, that Father Divine's power was crumbling. The defection of Faithful Mary seemed proof of looming disaster and the Sufi was tempted. One could no more conceive of the Kingdom of Father Divine without Faithful Mary than imagine the Kingdom of Heaven without Saint Peter at the gate.

The Sufi was one extraordinary occultist. First of the great spectacular gang of magic-makers, he gave up voluntarily the luxury of a mumbo-jumbo prebendaryship to lead a campaign for jobs for the horde of hungry white-collar Negroes. This was the bitter year of 1932, and about a year before the apparition of Father Divine riding in a Rolls-Royce and proclaiming

himself God. The Sufi's campaign went down to defeat and he retreated to the jungle of magic. There he mantled his impressive person in gorgeous robes and ate and drank and peddled the mysteries of the occult in peace. Then late in 1937, his ambition inflamed by rebellion in the Divine heavens, he suddenly emerged and announced that he was a bishop in the Occidental and a guru in the Oriental way and was planning to establish in Harlem a Temple of Tranquility. This was an open challenge.

Father Divine's Kingdom was the devil's racket, the Sufi thundered. Caparisoned and mitred, he endeavored with strange incantation to lure Harlem's God-hungry thousands into his spacious, dimly lit, incense-filled Temple — away from the Divine kingdoms where hosts of people sang and danced and gorged heavenly food at ten cents a meal. Failing to lure them, the Sufi purchased an airplane and announced his intention to ascend among the stars and reach higher

mysteries. But on July 31, 1938, while he was learning to fly, his plane crashed and killed him.

On the day the Sufi died, Father Divine was leading a triumphant parade winding through Harlem. The procession finally filed into Rockland Palace at 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, to break loose and wild in a monster celebration of the Divine acquisition of an aristocratic estate in the Hudson River valley. Father Divine unburdened his mind on the Sufi's untimely end, and declared:

Sufi Hamid opposed me and was supposed to drive me out of New York City. But the first time he went up in his aeroplane, it fell and he was killed instantly. He called himself a great leader. But as he thought himself great and attempted to and desired to destroy me Personally, he destroyed himself! They that would rise up in opposition to me from time to time, and everyone who would rise, they will be cut down in the same way. When Sufi Hamid he rose up against me, he went down so quickly, body and all and his pilot was killed immediately with him.

His words were about the crushed Sufi, but his angels and chanting hosts knew the words applied also to Faithful Mary no longer faithful. For the reputation of Father Divine as a miracle worker and healer of body and soul was largely built upon the healthy and exuberant personality of Faithful Mary.

She was a derelict in Newark when Father Divine discovered her in 1933. A wreck of skin and bones from fiendish imbibing of rot-gut liquor. In and out of crazy house and hospital, no agency could do her any good. She fished food out of garbage cans and spread her bed in the gutters of Newark. One night she staggered into one of Father Divine's meetings. His spirit reached out and arrested her. She felt like a transfigured person.

As Faithful Mary always testified, Father Divine put his spirit in her rotten body and cured her. The breath of fresh life was blown into her body, bringing new blood, courage and hope. The joy in her soul acted like magic on her flesh and it bloomed like a flower. In homage to the benign influence of Father Divine, the former Viola Wilson became Faithful Mary.

Father Divine promoted Faithful Mary as the "sample and example" of his supernatural powers. There were people in Newark who remembered the familiar specter, the gaunt and broken creature of the gutter, who was Viola Wilson. And whether or not they believed in the omnipotence of Father Divine, they bore witness that he had created a new woman in Faithful Mary. Blessed and assisted by Father Divine, Faithful Mary started

a "Peace" restaurant in Newark. The venture clicked. The place became the favorite rendezvous of the angels of the kingdoms, who relished good down-home food. Customers increased, profits rose. Mary moved into a larger place. And remembering whence she came she freely fed a considerable number of persons every day, who were derelict as once she had been.

There was an aura of simple sincerity about Faithful Mary which disarmed even the most cynical critics of the Divine movement. Most of the female angels, despite their arresting dancing-singing demonstration of physical well-being, create an uneasy feeling of being unbalanced. Their expression is uncanny. Faithful Mary had the appearance of a practical, competent housewife. But when she spoke her face was full of a warm illumination, like a beam of truth making credible the strange atmosphere.

When Newark decreed that Father Divine could not carry on there as God, he brought Faithful Mary to New York. That was in 1934. Shrewd Father was fully aware of Mary's potentialities. He acquired the old Turkish Bath premises in 125th Street. Installing Mary as manager he renamed the place The Faithful Mary Kingdom.

The foyer was converted into an extensive restaurant. Soon the new kingdom became even more popular than Headquarters Kingdom, the residence of Father Divine.

The Faithful Mary Kingdom was the scene of the biggest love feasts. Divine star of the Movement, Faithful Mary attracted the myriad of satellites to twinkle their toes around her. When the sumptuous banquets were served, the place of honor beside Father Divine was reserved for Faithful Mary. Subdued Mother Divine faded into the background as dynamic Faithful Mary was hailed as the Mother of the Movement. Although middle-aged there was a contagious lissomeness in the rhythm of Faithful Mary's big, joyful body, when she swung it to dancing. The Divine treatment had transformed her into a heavyweight, but there was no unpleasant fatness in her brown flesh. She leaped and pranced and whinnied like a thoroughbred, her voice glowing with the sweetness and happiness that Father Divine had injected into her body.

II

Although not enjoying the title, Faithful Mary was honored as a goddess. She wore expensive

clothes. She had her own car and a chauffeur. She was the torch-bearer of Father Divine, representing him when he was unable to make a personal appearance. The state of California has the largest number of Father Divine's white followers. In 1934 they invited him to come and show his person to the Golden Gate. But unable to detach his person from the East, he sent Faithful Mary to represent him. She was given the reception of a queen.

Faithful Mary was ostentatiously loved. She received great gifts. Piles of household furnishings, clothing, and money to feed the hungry. Devoted angels spent their leisure time weaving her beloved name into antimacassars. Special posters and pennants featured her name. Perhaps the adulation was too fulsome or the phenomenal material success of her enterprises contributed to undermine her spiritual perfection and her allegiance to Father Divine. For a coldness developed between them. It was primarily a difference over money and property. One piece of the properties of the Promised Land, the hotel and land at High Falls, New York, was owned by Faithful Mary. All the Divine properties are owned collectively by a group of followers. But the High Falls

place was purchased in the name of Faithful Mary alone. Perhaps Father Divine delighted thus to display his affection for and appreciation of his highest ranking angel.

The gift of God affected Faithful Mary's head, perhaps as alcohol did in the days when she was down-and-out. There appeared in her perceptibly less of that rare spirit which had lifted her above the rest of the angels when she was the chief stewardess, running the big kitchen of God, with a staff of docile angels at her command. Now she was perplexed with the responsibility of ownership. And perhaps, like most property owners, Mary was obsessed with the idea of increasing her possessions.

In the Spring of 1937, a white follower of Father Divine arrived from Ohio. Appropriately named William Gottlieb, he possessed \$9995, which he desired to invest in the Divine industry. Gottlieb met and consulted with Father Divine. But Father betrayed no eager interest in Gottlieb's gold. That is the Divine method, according to those of his angels who know him intimately. Father Divine never exerts any pressure upon his followers, to extract money from them. Often he ignores even persons of wealth and consequence who desire to put money in the

Peace Mission: he prefers such persons to devote considerable time to studying his work, visiting the various kingdoms, listening to his messages and the confessions of his angels, before they make any decision. In following the tantalizing maze of the Divine coyness, newcomers often become like reeds in the presence of God, swaying to every syllable that he breathes, eager to confess to his omnipotence and bow down to kiss his holy brown feet.

Waiting in wan humility, William Gottlieb naturally came in contact with dynamic Faithful Mary. Growing more and more worldly-wise, Faithful eagerly grabbed the Gottlieb money with the intention of investing it in her enterprises. When Father Divine heard of Mary's grab, he was exceedingly angry. He commanded Faithful to return the money. She did so under protest. Gottlieb did not support her: he had no other desire but to do as God willed.

Father Divine then summoned Faithful Mary to relinquish the property in her name at Highland Falls. This Mary resolutely refused to do. Thereupon Father fired her as manager of the Faithful Mary Kingdom and ordered her to the kitchen as scrubwoman. Faithful Mary cried out: "Even God can-

not do that to me!" Said Father Divine: "I made you and can break you by withdrawing my spirit out of you. Remember when you were a bad, abandoned woman rotten to the bone? Yet you were not too low down for me to feel compassion for you. You were sick and emaciated, but I put my spirit in you and healed you. I made you lively and well, peaceful, successful, prosperous, fat and healthy in every joint, sinew, limb, bone, vein, cell and atom of your soul and body. Yet now you dare say: 'Even God cannot do that to me!' Now go to the kitchen and scrub the floors for your sins."

Faithful Mary chose to hold on to her property, and refused to be a scullion. She made haste to vacate the kingdom. But before she could leave, Fate struck in Headquarters Kingdom on the day of April 20, 1937, and Father Divine had to flee New York. The indiscreet action of a process-server had caused all the trouble. The angels resented the affront to their Father while he was in the act of releasing his holy message and they jumped on the process-server and gave him a good licking. In the confusion, his companion was stabbed. The incident appeared more serious than it actually was because of the evanescence of Father Divine. But the simple

had to be made complex, because "God moves in a mysterious way." Remaining in hiding, Father Divine was hunted on a charge of assault. Coincidentally came the arrest of the rich Western Divinite, St. John the Revelator or John Wuest Hunt, who was charged with the seduction of cult member Miss Delight Jewel.

The sensational play-up of the incidents created the general impression that the Kingdom of Father Divine was falling at last. Confusion reigned among the angels. To Faithful Mary the mix-up seemed a sure sign of the retribution of the unknowable God against Father Divine for the usurpation of His name. She seized the opportunity to denounce Father Divine and declare that he was never God to her, but a devil of a man. She accused him of all the crimes of Satan: the seduction of herself; rape of juveniles; blackmailing rich followers for money; scooping up the gravy of the profits of the kingdoms from browbeaten angel-stewards; putting his evil spell upon men and women alike and bewitching them to imagine that he was God. But few of the angels sided with her — less than a dozen in her immediate entourage, among whom the one male was her chauffeur. And they said that he was faithful

to Faithful because of his job.

Faithful Mary was ambitious to become the leader of the Divine cult. She had ideas of salvaging it and setting it up on a different foundation, without a God. But three days following his disappearance, Father Divine was discovered in a kingdom in Milford, Connecticut. Police officers hurried him to New York. His lawyers quickly effected his release. There was really no case at all. The angels' ordeal was ended and all joyfully flocked together to hail God. Peace and love Divine and business as usual continued to flourish in the kingdoms.

III

Now the angels called God's chosen one Unfaithful Mary. She attempted to start a rival cult, but all her efforts failed. Her hotel in High Falls was deserted by the Divine followers and remained empty. She opened a rooming house on Fifth Avenue and 123rd Street, but no guests came. Baffled in New York, she remembered the royal reception of the white angels of California. She entrained for the Far West. But the white cultists made it plain to Faithful that she had sinned against God. They begged her to repent and confess

her sins. Contrary to the vulgar idea of them, many of the California Divinites are wealthy, 100 per cent lily-white Americans. And if Faithful Mary did not respond to their pressure and beg forgiveness of Father, it was perhaps because she was a Negro to the bone and of the same race as God.

The Negro newspapers announced that Faithful Mary had renounced the angelic life and was ready for a husband. But none was forthcoming. Everything she attempted to promote ended in a dud. Her car was wrecked in an accident and she was nearly killed. All the angels said it was the power of Father Divine pursuing her, and so did she. She began guzzling liquor again, and didn't know when to stop.

For a year she lived in the world of the flesh, growing lonelier and sadder. She complained that the spirit of Father Divine was pursuing her with a warrant for her arrest. Suddenly in the midst of her misery came the crash of Sufi Abdul-Hamid's airplane, blotting out his life. The Father's Olympian comment upon the Sufi's unusual death must have had its effect on Faithful Mary. She was overwhelmingly depressed. She dispatched humble, illiterate epistles

to God, acknowledging her errors and declaring her willingness again to submit to his will.

Father Divine has done mighty deeds. But nothing has so elevated and intrenched his authority as the return of penitent Faithful Mary to his Kingdom: For a long time after Mary's submission her whereabouts was unknown. Probably she was restoring her spiritual life in one of the kingdoms in Arcady. Father Divine, never missing an opportunity to magnify his glory, chose the time and place to announce to the world the return of the repentant Angel of angels.

On New Year's eve, 1939, ten thousand angels and sympathizers packed and surrounded the Rockland Palace to celebrate the event. Marching and dancing round and round the decayed building, which appears like an excavated Colosseum on exhibition in Harlem, the multitude sang:

I have never seen such happy days,
Since Father drew me safe back home,
From mansions to mansions, I've never
seen,

I have never seen such happy days,
Since Father drew me safe back home.

Appearing on the stage, Faithful Mary made a complete recantation of the charges she had leveled against Father Divine. She declared that "Hearst reporters" made her crazy with liquor and she "began to

get conflicted." Prompted under the influence of liquor, she had lied about Father and the Peace kingdoms, lied about Father and herself and young girls. They made her sign a paper, but it was all lies. She recited the Odyssey of her futile, unhappy flight from the kingdom. From the time she left, there started within her a loud noise like June-bugs singing in her head. And everywhere she saw the spirit of Father in pursuit, on the train, in her car, in her bed. But she kept right along trying to run away. She was scared of Father catching up with her, because she felt she could not face around to look at him again. But Father scampered after her; his little short legs were stronger than hers. Finally he won the race: "I was running through a barbed wire fence and my dress caught and before I could snatch it from the wire, Father came through the fence with his head looking right at me. And when I went to bring my arms down, Father had come suddenly under my arm. . . . Now truly the hour was come . . . Oh,

I am a prisoner of the Lord and today at the judgment bar I confess. I want to thank Father for allowing me to come back to the fold."

Faithful Mary has a pleasing voice and as she unfolded her story in the charming Negro vernacular of the South, it was full of the poetic power, the intensity and sincerity of Francis Thompson's grand poem, *The Hound of Heaven*. She is back again in the Kingdom of God. But he did not restore her to the place of First Angel. Instead he directed her to return to New-ark. There she runs a humble place of peace. More than any, Faithful Mary is typical of the potentialities of the Divine people. Their collective initiative is unlimited and they do accomplish wonders under the leadership of Father Divine. But when they are not herd-driven by his power, they are lost souls. Faithful Mary was a key person in the Divine organization. But she was a key made by the cunning hands of Father Divine. When that key fell out of his hand it was useless and could open no other door.



HITLER AND AMERICAN BUSINESS

SOME months ago Dr. G. A. Westrick, special emissary of Adolf Hitler, arrived in this country to consult with American businessmen. Though his consultations have been curiously discreet, the New York *Herald Tribune* was able to disclose that they have been varied and extensive. Herr Dr. Westrick consults in a language which businessmen understand — the language of big orders, big profits, inside-track, ground-floor relations with the world's largest single customer: a coördinated, collectivized Europe. He can readily make his visitors see that it's good business to play with Hitler. And it is — for a few Americans for a short period. But it's bad business for American economy as a whole in the long run. It's suicidal business for the democratic American nation in a totalitarian world.

Germany is now hammering a fantastically large economic entity into shape with artillery and stuka bombers. Unless we quickly put on an armorplate of national unity, it will be able to penetrate American economic and political life, to set firm against firm, race against race, industry against industry, section against section by giving or with-

holding trade. Economic preferment has been one of the Nazis' most potent instruments in undermining the national unity of countries which have since fallen into Hitler's lap like overripe fruit. Let's act now — before influential sectors of American business develop a profit stake in Hitler's system and thus become in effect his economic vassals.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY urges that our government, and private agencies like the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the Manufacturers Association and organized labor, act now to make it impossible, illegal and traitorous for individual firms to transact business with *any* totalitarian nation. We must confront foreign trade monopolies with the full force of a unified American economy if we are to survive as a free nation in an enslaved world.

The totalitarians are past masters at using democratic civil liberties to kill democracy and end civil liberty. They are no less adept in using the competitive economic system to blot out competition and take entire nations in tow. We must not wait — tomorrow may be too late.

— EUGENE LYONS

OUR ECONOMIC DEFENSE LINES

BY CLARK FOREMAN

MILITARY defense is not enough. Although this thought has been expressed repeatedly since "the best army in the world" was routed from the Maginot Line, it has not yet sunk into our national consciousness. The traditional ideas of war still cling to the lay mind, and not all the withering blasts of news from Europe can dislodge them. To most of us war is still a matter of battles between armed forces in the air, on water and on land. Yet in the present war not a single nation has been crushed by military weight alone. Germany's achievement has been in creating divisions of interest in the ranks of the enemy economy, so that it could not be unified even for its own defense. The bravest military and political leaders are helpless when opposed by internal economic groups eager to save themselves at the expense of their country.

In using new methods of trade to undermine their enemies, totalitarian states have a weapon for total war that can be met only

by an armor plate of total defense. Our military defenses are futile unless we can offer united resistance on the economic front. Obviously a major power with a centrally controlled, integrated economy must win in the two fields in which nations compete — foreign trade and armaments — in a struggle with powers that have uncontrolled economies. A heavy task therefore lies ahead of us if we would resist the onslaught of totalitarian control. The two considerations which must govern any plan for total American defense, the military and the economic, are inseparable and interdependent.

The natural and capital resources of the United States are tremendous. Even with the waste that has characterized the exploitation of both, we have been able to achieve for our people a standard of living which, though far short of our inherent potentialities, is still higher than any known in history. Because the human resources of a nation are its greatest asset — as well as its reason for being — the

standard of living is the basic measure of the effectiveness of that asset. Total defense of America, in the first instance, requires the certainty, not only that the health and strength of our people will make them good defenders, but also that they have a stake in that defense. Our standard of living and the hope for its continued improvement represent that stake. No defense program for this nation should overlook that basic fact.

Of other natural resources we have nearly all those necessary to the building of an economy that can be invincible in war and prosperous in peace. However, some basic materials are scarce or totally lacking. The list of these varies as new supplies or substitutes are found. In March, 1940, the Army and Navy Munitions Board listed some twenty-nine. Fourteen are called *strategic* because of our great dependence on them. Fifteen others are called *critical* because, while necessary, they are more readily available. The strategic group includes the following:

1. *Antimony*: used in making plates for storage batteries, in type metal, bullet alloys, cable covering, chemicals and pigments for pyrotechnics.

2. *Chromium*: important in the manufacture of alloy steels used in armaments.

3. *Coconut shell char*: the essential material in manufacture of gas masks.

4. *Ferrograde manganese*: fourteen pounds of which are used in the manufacture of each ton of steel.

5. *Manila fiber*: used for the ropes, hawsers and slings in shipping.

6. *Mercury*: used in the detonators for high explosives, in drugs and instruments.

7. *Mica*: important in the manufacture of electrical appliances, telephones and other instruments.

8. *Nickel*: essential to the manufacture of alloy steels.

9. *Quartz crystal*: used for radio equipment and optical instruments.

10. *Quinine*: an essential drug.

11. *Rubber*: its importance in war is obvious.

12. *Silk*: important for powder bags, parachute manufacture, etc.

13. *Tin*: for high-speed engines and for food containers. The modern army travels on its tin cans.

14. *Tungsten*: an alloy in the manufacture of high-speed tool steel and armor-piercing bullet cores.

The Munitions Board suggests four ways of coping with our present deficiencies of essential war materials. First, it urges enlargement of domestic production; but it is doubtful whether this method could be wholly effective in the case of any of the strategic materials enumerated. Secondly, it suggests the development of substitutes. But the possibilities along this line are of course limited. For some materials there are no substitutes; for others, the substitutes are expensive or inferior. However,

substitutes have been or are being developed for many of the strategic materials. The Standard Oil Company, Goodrich Rubber Company and Du Pont each has a process for artificial rubber which will soon be on the market and will be commercially feasible for certain purposes. Silk and mica substitutes are available. Plastics may replace aluminum and steels to some extent. Glass or plastic food containers are possible, but they are heavy or expensive.

The third suggestion for meeting domestic deficiencies is that we maintain friendly relations with nations controlling the sources and distribution of these materials and keep trade routes open to those sources. Military considerations must, in the last instance, govern the practicability of this method. Finally, it is suggested that our deficiencies in materials may be made up by acquiring adequate stocks in times of peace, as war reserves. This procedure is important but it also has limited possibilities. Rubber, for instance, cannot be stored for long periods. The determination of what is an "adequate stock" is also subject to error. We are, however, storing up ferrograde manganese, chromium, tin, tungsten and antimony under this policy.

II

In addition to these methods outlined by the Munitions Board for meeting our deficiencies, another procedure presents itself: the expansion of existing sources or the development of new sources in areas outside the United States which we can be prepared to defend. Even the lay mind can appreciate that nearby areas are easier to defend than remote ones. We are fortunate in that it is possible for us to secure nearly all of our needs within an area which, from a military standpoint alone, already requires some measure of protection by us in order that we ourselves may be protected. Military and economic objectives are thus achieved at the same time. Central and South America contain vast storehouses of supplies necessary to our preparedness and prosperity. These areas, for the most part, are also a natural trading zone for our country. With the aid of American technology and capital it will be possible to open up enormous reserves of material and to create new enterprises for the development of our southern neighbors.

Bolivia, in the heart of South America, could be aided in expanding her extraction industries so that, for instance, instead of secur-

ing only 10 per cent of our tin from that source, we could secure a larger portion of the 75,000 tons we use each year as the world's largest consumer. In this case, we must build smelters for Bolivian ores, for we are now dependent upon foreign processing. Bolivia, too, can supply us with antimony, of which in 1938 she was the greatest producer. Her supply of this metal went chiefly to Belgium for re-export to Germany; we should see to it that this source of supply is kept open to us, as well as the supplies of Mexico, Chile and Argentina. We produce about half of the tungsten we need, depending largely upon China for our ore. Bolivian tungsten moves to Germany by way of Belgium. Most of our ferrograde manganese comes to us from Russia, Africa and Asia. In addition to accumulating reserves, we could increase our use of Cuban, Chilean, and Brazilian ores. Chile has heretofore sent the larger part of her manganese to Norway and Germany. Mexico is an important source of mercury. Brazil and Argentina could supply us with more of the mica we formerly imported from British India. These examples of strategic material supplies from sources in this hemisphere could be multiplied. All of the strategic and critical

materials, or substitutes for them, can be obtained or developed in the western hemisphere. Sound economics dictates a short haul and sound defense tactics indicate a contiguous area of protection.

Both rubber and quinine are indigenous products of South America. In spite of that fact, the greatest production area of both is now in the East Indies. For two years the United States Department of Agriculture has had plans for the development of improved strains of rubber in South America, and recently Congress granted an appropriation of half a million dollars for the promotion of South American rubber culture. For quinine we have depended on the Dutch cartel. Just as it took rubber plants from South America to the Netherlands Indies, it did the same with cinchona trees, and succeeded in monopolizing the world trade. Bolivia in 1938 produced nearly 900 metric tons of cinchona bark, but practically the entire output for that year was taken by the Netherlands for their cartel monopoly. Abacá, the plant from which Manila fiber or hemp is derived, is a member of the same family as the banana tree, which grows so profusely in Central and South America. Our Navy is now dependent upon imports of Manila

fiber from the Philippines, where the production is controlled almost entirely by Japanese concessions.

Another vital item of our economic defense is the greater production of certain important materials not included in the Army and Navy Munitions Board list, because they are theoretically producible here. Practically, however, the rights are held in Germany, and our needs are not met by the quantities produced. I refer to such things as magnesium, beryllium, optical goods, certain chemicals and certain processes for the development of artificial rubber and hydrogenation of coal. Although the magnesium alloy of aluminum makes a lighter metal of equal or greater strength than straight aluminum, its production has been hampered in this country by the reluctance of the Aluminum Company of America to have on the market a product competing with its own. Consequently German airplanes have the edge on ours in the crucial matter of lightness.

No one could say that the United States is not amply endowed with the natural resources necessary for the production of magnesium, since it is processed from salt water. Our great salt lakes in the West, not to mention our oceans, would be excellent sources

for such a process. But of the world production of approximately 22,000 metric tons a year the United States produces only 2000 metric tons, whereas Germany produces 12,000 metric tons a year and imports 4000 more. In 1935 and 1936, when Germany was rearming intensively, it actually imported magnesium from us.

In the years before the war, when Germany attempted to prevent Britain from benefiting by Germany's patents for processing beryllium, Britain threatened to invoke a law passed in the nineteenth century which gives it the right to license compulsorily for British producers any process not being used in Britain. The United States has no such law, the nearest thing to it being the law which empowers the Federal government to order a company to use a patent for the production of goods for the government itself and protects that company from damage by the patent owner. The government can still be sued by the patent owner. But what is more serious is that the government is unlikely to take such a step until a great emergency exists, and then it will probably be too late. This self-imposed obstacle to national defense should, of course, be quickly removed. It should not be necessary for the

United States to go to war in order to get the use of vital patents, because we know that total war begins long before actual military operations. The contracts for the use of German patents in many important American industries may become a dangerous brake on our economic defense.

III

If Germany succeeds in conquering or destroying Britain there will be only three other industrial areas around which an economically self-sufficient power could be formed. In these days heavy industries are necessary for defense, but so are raw materials. No country can be secure which has to import from an indefensible area. Russia is potentially self-sufficient with respect to both her industrial and her raw material needs. Japan, by controlling the sources of raw materials in the Far East, could also be such an area. The United States, together with the countries in South America which have the necessary raw materials, could form such an area. But we must realize now, while Germany is still involved in conquering Europe, that we have no time to lose. If we wait for the war to end, Germany may succeed in forcing Latin American countries

to take her terms rather than ours.

Germany has been working for years to control Latin America for herself and by her barter deals has made considerable progress, particularly but not exclusively in the southernmost countries of South America. As late as July 25 of this year Walter Funk, Hitler's Minister of Economics, gave an interview in which he not only undertook to tell the United States what we shall have to do with regard to our Latin American relations but also informed us that if we wanted to trade with Europe it must be on Germany's terms. According to the Associated Press, Herr Funk "said also that the United States must give up the idea of forcing her conditions on Germany by a 'united front' with the other American nations. If the United States expects to make any use of her gold hoard, Funk said, she must revalue her dollar upward so it can flow out of America and goods flow in." He added that Germany would not recognize our gold as anything more than a dogma.

The Latin American republics are free entities, but their freedom is certainly no less threatened than our own. It cannot be assumed that they can be made a part of the defense plan of the United States without their free consent. That

consent cannot be gained by a return to Yankee imperialist tactics that have in the past discredited us below the Rio Grande. We now have friends among the Latin American nations. It would be folly to give up the effects of the good neighbor policy and to return to the old basis in order to assure ourselves of necessary defense materials. Aside from moral considerations, it would take less force to protect than to subdue the Western hemisphere. Nor can we plan a policy of exploitation of the resources of those areas by private American corporations without regard for the interests of the countries and their peoples. While temporarily profitable to a few, it would engender a hostility which we as a nation cannot afford.

A workable defense plan based on economic and military considerations involves cooperative effort by nations of the American hemisphere. It must be based on the good of their peoples, on their genuine national interests, rather than the good of special groups. Just as our own security demands that our people have a direct stake in defending the country, so the peoples of the other American republics must be given a stake worth fighting for. They should join with us because through mu-

tual aid they may achieve a better way of life. To make this irreducible principle of national interest effective, the peoples of the Americas will have to join through their governments in curbing those activities of individuals and corporations that lead to weakening of economy and of morale. This unity must preclude individual negotiation and trade with totalitarian states. We must, in the Americas, meet the onslaught of totalitarian purchasing power with collective bargaining, so that we shall not be divided and conquered in the total war.

A Pan American economic organization made up of the governments of all the Americas and dedicated to the building up of the standard of living in this hemisphere through the development of the natural lines of trade, can make our Western world secure. Not only would complementary economies be adjusted but surpluses must be distributed within the hemisphere to low-income groups or bartered for necessities or luxuries from abroad. The importance of such an arrangement is not in its apparent isolation from other forms of world trade, but in the barrier it would raise against foreign bribery and intimidation of group interests within

the hemisphere. No nation and no individual could be given special advantage by a foreign power or could become dependent upon markets or capital outside the Pan American group. While the goods of the American nations would still flow to foreign markets, and the products of foreign enterprise would still be found in the Americas, this interchange would be arranged only when advantageous for the American nations.

The difficulties of such an organization should not be minimized, but no price is excessive for our independence and our continuation as a democracy. There are important factors on our side. The first is that now, while Germany is occupied with warfare, we are free to act promptly with our whole resources in building our economic defenses. Germany cannot take South American goods at present, no matter how much she would like to. We in the United States can. Already in 1938 the United States was taking almost one-third of the exports of the twenty Latin American republics and supplying these same countries with over one-third of their imports. The development of new products in Latin America to replace those which we now buy elsewhere will greatly broaden the

basis of trade, will increase the purchasing power of Latin America, and will bring about other improvements such as the development of light consumer industries in Latin America.

Our second advantage is that we have a tremendous amount of gold which we could use effectively to stabilize the foreign trade of the American countries. With currency stabilized, if the American countries could agree on a collective security of their imports and exports there would be no need for the continuation of the rigorous expropriation laws which at present curtail investment. Under stabilized conditions private capital could safely be invested in Latin America; any investor who cared to take 10 per cent on his money would have no difficulty in finding opportunities to place it.

To the objection that some Latin American countries produce goods that compete with some of ours, such as wheat, cotton, and meat products, the answer is that we do not propose to hold these surpluses and our own in this hemisphere. Despite Herr Funk's arrogance, we know that Europe will be more dependent upon us than we on Europe, if the American countries present a united front. With collective bargaining we can force

Germany to accept our terms. Trade will proceed not only with Europe but with the rest of the world, provided we do nothing to strengthen their position as against ours. By this I mean that we should refuse to export not only the things we ourselves need for economic and military security, but also those things necessary for the military development of other parts of the world. Materials are strategic not only when they are useful to ourselves, but also when needed by a potential enemy.

With real economic planning, the standard of living of all the countries of this hemisphere could be greatly increased. We must remember that they all have high tariffs and that while wheat was selling for forty-eight cents in the United States it was selling for over three dollars in Chile, which felt that, under the economic system that prevailed at that time, she had to try to be self-sufficient in wheat. If we will help Chile and the other Latin American countries by taking some of their products which we need, we may reasonably expect them to be willing to take wheat, cotton and meat products from those areas in this hemisphere where they can be most cheaply produced.

If the increased purchasing power of this hemisphere did not make possible the consumption of all present surpluses, and if we were not able to sell them advantageously abroad, we could still use them to great advantage through bold and unconventional action. We have been experimenting in this country with a plan that may well prove to be a possible partial solution. The stamp plan, under the administration of the Department of Agriculture, has effectively raised the consumption of certain farm products by the lower economic groups in cities throughout the country. While the plan will undoubtedly have to be adapted to meet the needs of agricultural countries, it does open vast possibilities for an ampler life to the people of the new world. At present the per capita consumption of wheat, cotton and beef in all American countries is far below that necessary for health. Once more America must choose. It must decide quickly whether our future policies are to be determined by Hitler, Funk and Co. or by our own democratically elected government, protected by adequate economic defenses in collaboration with the Latin American republics.

LUNACY MARCHES ON!

Our liberty-loving contemporary, the *Daily Worker* (July 1) hails the birth of freedom in conquered Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which now will be

really independent and free, liberated from the domineering influences of foreign imperialist powers and administered by democratically elected representatives of the people. . . . The Soviet Union, a state based on socialist economy and firmly pursuing a policy of maintaining peace with all countries, is the only great power that does not threaten the national existence and independence or internal sovereignty of any of its small neighbors.

* * *

Less than two weeks before the occupation of Paris by the Nazis, the *Paris Temps* was editorially upset about another grave problem:

Is it admissible that elegant women, well dressed, perfectly shod, carrying superb handbags, should go out bare-headed?

* * *

A few of the latest products of German science are listed by the Berlin publishing house, Junker und Dunnhaupt:

The Fall of Man in the Philosophy of German Idealism, by Dr. Elfriede Lammerzähl.

The Glove in Law, in Government Administration, in Custom and in Popular Belief, by Dr. Berent Schweinöper.

The Danger of Degermanization in Maturity, by Dr. Christian Vasterling.

* * *

At a meeting sponsored by the *New Masses* (July 2) the Communist Party candidate for Vice-President, James Ford, gave the low-down on a world at war:

Today two great imperialist forces, Italo-German and Anglo-French, are locked in a Titanic death struggle to determine which of them shall continue the age-old oppression of the Negro people. The Negro people need not contemplate which side wins.

* * *

Flash! Man bites dog! The Nazi *Diplomatisch-Politische Korrespondenz* gets wrought up over a question of honor:

The British excuse that the Germans had designs on the French fleet is an untruth. For according to the solemnly concluded promises in the armistice treaty, the utilization by Germany of the French fleet for further combat against Britain was not considered. . . . The world stands with abhorrence before this crime which covers with shame not only its perpetrator but also those who carried out his orders. Any one who today can find an understanding for the aims and methods of the people of the British Isles excludes himself consciously and wantonly from membership in a civilization based on honorableness which to the old Continent at least still is of value.

(Compiled by Stephen Nafé)

ESCAPE TO THE BAHAMAS

BY MORTIMER H. COBB

THE Out Islands of the Bahamas — that litter of some 3000 rocks, cays, islets and islands now presided over by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor — are almost the last haven for successful escapists. In this survey of what they have to offer, we shall ignore those truffled islets, Cat and Walker Cays, which lie too close to the stockbrokers' translux for real island refugees; cold roast turkey and out-of-season asparagus are not in the frame of this picture. But neither are we concerned with the other extreme. Practically no small islands where climate prevails over weather offer possibilities for making a living. Prospective escapists to our Bahamas must have a small regular income, let's say \$1800 annually, and the capital for a house and a lot. Our attention is narrowed down to what we might call respectable beachcombing, offering comfort, peace, recreation and a carefree life at an outlay that cannot buy these things elsewhere.

Even those with the financial situation well in hand must submit

to further weeding out. Many of the nicest people are psychologically unfit for comparative solitude. There are nostalgics who could not view a clean-sanded jetsam and shell-trimmed strand without wistful memories of Jones Beach or Santa Monica. Islanders must have achieved emancipation from crowds. For most American businessmen and their department-store-minded wives, the sudden cultivation of the fine art of leisure is almost as difficult as teaching a well-trained loafer to work. Nor is simply being a sportsman or adventurer enough. Here are no lions to be chivvied out of protecting bush, nor lost White Goddesses to rescue. It's far better that today's islanders be just good sports.

Almost no one, nowadays, is engineer enough to cope with a late Victorian kerosene lamp without a smoky aftermath or an actual fire. Even the most modern coal cooking stove whose efficiency is based on a knowledge of dampers, banking a fire, and the handling of a forty-pound coal hod is a bugbear.

to our generation. Moreover, there is little peace, physically or mentally, when living resembles a continuous picnic. Home, particularly for a sensible escapist, is home because it's comfortable and surrounded with the essential accessories of leisure.

Thus living on a semi-tropical island calls for an electric lighting plant, kerosene or bottled-gas stove, refrigerator, and a tank and pumping system for hot and cold water. Today's escapists aren't planters either by nature or experience. They thrive *at* the beach — not *on* it.

The teeming islands and sandspits comprising the British-owned Bahamas begin about sixty miles to the east of Palm Beach, Florida, extend about 600 miles southeast, and peter out at Great Inagua, just north of Haiti. With a land area of almost 4500 square miles, many of these little landfalls have seaside villages with superbly sheltered harbors. Excepting Nassau and the private cays, and working from northwest to southeast, the most promising Out Island towns for a homesteader's investigation are: Settlement Point on Grand Bahama; Hope Town, Hole-in-the-Wall, and New Plymouth Town on Abaco; Williams Town on Stirrup Cay, Berry Islands; Alice

Town on North Bimini; Nicholls Town and Fresh Creek on the west coast of Andros; Spanish Wells, north of North Eleuthera; Dunmore Town, Harbour Island, east of North Eleuthera; Gregory Town, Hatchet Bay, Governors Harbour, and Glenelg on the west coast of South Eleuthera; Arthurs Town on Cat Island; George Town on Great Exuma; Cockburn Town, on San Salvador (Watling Island); Clarence Town on Long Island; and Matthewtown, Great Inagua.

Even to world-girdling Americans, these names may be unfamiliar, but in spite of their strange handles the most remote lies within easy reach of Miami, Florida, by way of Nassau. The Bahamas Airways, Ltd. maintains a regular service from Nassau to some of these islands, but the pleasantest and most inexpensive way to get around is aboard one of the weekly or fortnightly freight and mail boats that sail from Nassau. Each trip is a cruise. For example, a new motorship leaves on alternate Wednesdays for Abaco and makes calls at Cherokee Sound, Hope Town, Marsh Harbour, Man O'War Cay, Guano Cay, and Green Turtle Cay. The round trip takes eight days, costs \$10.

Faced with all this unknown

geography, the problem of an adequate map becomes important. Few family atlases are capable guides to the Out Islands of the Bahamas. The proper thing to do is to get U. S. Government Hydrographic chart No. 1002, 75¢. Besides being detailed and very accurate, such a navigation chart gives coastal elevations as well as the depth of adjacent waters. To supplement charts, the U. S. Hydrographic Bureau publishes two volumes of Sailing Directions for the West Indies. Volume I, Section A (75¢) describes the Out Island ports of the Bahamas. As earnest Islanders will use boats, they need facts rather than the promotional hokum of brochures prepared for real estate holding syndicates.

II

The climate is excellent. The temperature variation ranges from a mean low of 65° F. to a July or August high of 85° F. However, the temperature really depends on just where in the archipelago you locate. Rainfall is never excessive, as in the South Seas. Actually nearly every island has its local climate. But every Eden has its serpent and the big winds are the curse of the Bahamas. Like the

cyclones of the Indian Ocean, the typhoons of the Pacific, the *pamperas* of the South Atlantic, or the *Tehuantepecers* of the Mexican isthmus, the West Indian hurricanes can be counted on to make an occasional visit to the Bahamas on their way north. Luckily, this huffing and puffing confines itself to a four months period, with August and September leading with 92 per cent of the blows. But even during these months of hurricanes and rain, the sought-after Bahama sun will shine, on the average, half of each day.

Then there are the bugs. We might as well face them in advance. Except for the Arctic and Antarctic regions, there will always be bugs. Florida has chiggers, Central America has redbugs, and Polynesia, among other things, contributes the dhobi itch. The Bahamas' specialty is the sandfly. These are smaller than temperate zone gnats, persistent as Jersey mosquitoes, and have a bite that shames Canadian blackflies. If Bahama sandflies did not restrict their activities to sheltered spots and rare windless days, the islands would be deserted. Houses should be screened with No. 24 mesh and flit guns are as necessary in these islands as elsewhere in the tropics.

Americans in increasing numbers

have sought refuge in the Bahamas, where they can live eight months a year without losing their American citizenship. According to present U. S. standards, real estate taxes in the Bahaman Out Islands just don't exist. Outside of a 2 per cent inheritance tax upon the decease of an owner, the total real estate tax is based on 5 per cent of the assessed rental value of a home. Throughout the Bahamas, including fashionable sections of Nassau, houses costing between \$6000 and \$30,000 would be taxed from \$10 to \$35 yearly. For those of the escapist group with incomes of \$1800, the taxes on a \$3000-\$4000 house would be negligible — from five to ten dollars. Unless a radical upheaval in British colonial policies takes place or the United States is forced to take over the Bahamas to uphold the Monroe Doctrine, it is extremely unlikely that the present system of taxation will be changed to any marked degree.

Too often the love of a bargain leads Americans in the islands to buy blindly from native owners who are living on and farming lands with questionable title. A few years ago a trusting soul bought a few acres for "next to nothing" from a native family on North Bimini. When the title was

about to be transferred, it was discovered that there were no less than twenty-five absentee landlords scattered from Spanish Wells to Great Inagua. The search of that title took two years and cost more than a really good piece of land was worth. Land purchases should therefore be made through the most reliable local real estate broker and titles should be examined in the offices of the nearest British Commissioner. And here's a tip to prospective Bahama escapists: a deal commenced and consummated just before the hurricane season favors the buyer.

At this writing, escapists can pick up an acre or so near Settlement Point, Grand Bahama, for a price ranging from \$75 to \$125. While the harbor facilities along Grand Bahama's sixty-five-mile coast line leave much to be desired, the heavily wooded terrain has elevations up to fifty feet, plenty of fresh water, and seasonally offshore enjoys some of the hottest white marlin fishing in the Bahamas. On Abaco, where 250-pound boars root in the shade of the pitch pine forests of the "hills," sites in the environs of Hope Town and Hole-in-the-Wall cost from \$50 to \$150 per acre. Bimini real estate is high. From that Spring day when Mr. Louis

R. Wasey, now owner of luxurious Cat Cay, boated a giant blue marlin weighing 502 pounds, Bimini plots skyrocketed. And with the subsequent discovery by Captain Tommy Gifford of the enormous late May run of giant bluefin tuna, prices of ocean-to-bay sites severed their last connection with logic and now sell by the front foot.

Great Harbour and Williams Town in the Berry Islands have excellent hurricane protection for their harbors and desirable parcels run from \$40 up. Andros, largest of the Bahamas, has its towns along the east coast facing the steady trade winds that are cooled as they blow across that extraordinary and almost landlocked deep, the Tongue of the Ocean. Nicholls Town and Fresh Creek, the two principal coastal villages, have natural harbors protected by a barrier reef that extends forty miles southward from Nicholls Town to the Middle Bight, locale of the world's finest bonefishing. Acreage, \$45.

III

Fifty miles to the east of Nassau, seat of the Bahaman Government, lies the lightly timbered and fertile island of Eleuthera. Here is real farming land noted for alligator pears, tomatoes, string beans, and

other truck produce. Villages dot the west coast. Hatchet Bay is where a Providence, Rhode Island, philanthropist has constructed a model dairy of Jersey cattle. At Governors Harbour, Comtesse de Marigny and other prominent social register refugees have solved their financial problems with inexpensive long-season homes. Way down South in the Rock Sound District of the sixty-mile-long island, Anthony Drexel, Philadelphia and Nassau socialite, is heading a syndicate to develop a fashionable resort. In spite of this dizzy whirl, Eleutheran home sites still range from \$40 to \$100 per acre.

In the South Bahamas, Cat Island rises to the comparatively mountainous height of 400 feet and actually averages about 200 feet in altitude. Despite a population of nearly 4000, the forty-three-mile island is pretty rural. Sisal and coconuts are the chief exports. Near Arthurs Town, acreage averages about \$30. Another lofty island is San Salvador (Watling Island), the real landing place of Christopher Columbus in 1492. Cockburn Town is developing rapidly under the guidance of Nassau promoters who have sold acres for \$100 up. West of San Salvador lies Exuma where little ranges of

low hills form a gorgeous background for palm-fringed lagoons that are dead ringers for those in the Pacific South Seas. Exuma has thriving farms that export immense yams, melons, and grapefruit. Good plots near George Town start at \$30. On Long Island, \$25 will buy an acre in Clarence Town, and way down South at Great Inagua, Matthewtown sites can be had for five dollars.

Architect-planned and craftsmen-built Bahama houses of all sizes, such as those found in Nassau, cost from \$5000 up, and vary in luxury and taste from Cable Beach cottages to Hog Island magnificence. On the Out Islands, Bimini for instance, escapist and sportmen's *pied-à-terres* run the gamut from Van Campen Heilner's appropriate \$1500 lodge at Paradise Point to Michael Lerner's Alice Town home whose two-storied gables provide navigation markers for native bottom fishermen en route to the best grunt holes.

To tell a man how big a house he should have would be about as successful as ordering him a pair of shoes by guesswork. Disregarding any question of expense, one thing is certain: the escape value of any establishment diminishes as it becomes larger. Bailiwicks of outstanding get-away-from-it-alls are

bungalow type and consist of one or two double bedrooms, bath, large and airy living-dining room, well screened porch, kitchen, kitchen porch with large storeroom. In addition to the main building, many islanders have a catch-all "office" where they can write a book, repair an outboard motor, or just sit and think about what they're going to do *if* they do it. Equipping hideaways outside suburban districts would be far less difficult and expensive, if climate-seekers were thoroughly familiar with a Sears, Roebuck mail order catalogue. The cost of standard plumbing, power plants, iceboxes, and all the comforts of home that appear in the pages of the 1046-page book would be less than \$2000, including freight charges and 20 per cent import duty.

Since fresh spring water is not always plentiful through the Out Islands, rain water piped from the roof by gutters to cisterns constitutes the main supply for drinking and bathing. A small household can get along with a 12 x 12 x 5 foot cistern (5386 gallons).

Bahaman Negroes, with British accents as colorful as their hats and bandannas, cannot be classed with the high-combed Cinghalese and efficient Sikhs who top the list of His Majesty's colonial domestics.

Out Island natives, as household servants, would get testimonials reading "Slow but not lazy" or "Willing but not able." Except on those islands that have felt the power of the United States dollar for some years, Bahaman domestics will hire out as cooks, valets, gardeners, boat boys, fishing guides, or a combination of everything for \$15 to \$20 a month. Female cooks and laundresses get from eight to twelve dollars monthly.

Along with the original capital investment in a house and lot, sporting equipment will cost another \$800. The primary requisite of an island escapist is a boat. The Bahamas, almost encircled by the Great and Little Banks where soundings vary suddenly from twelve feet to twelve inches, need a special type of skiff that will sail in a "heavy dew" yet cope with the bucking of a three to nine horsepower outboard motor. Native Bahamans are masterly boatwrights who can build anything from a four-masted schooner to a Thames punt. Naturally enough, the outstanding and favorite pastime is fishing. Big game fish rods, reels, and lines are expensive, but anyone who can't pay for 500-pounders at an average cost of \$500 per fish, can get the thrill of his life more moderately. Smooth

windless days are ideal for trolling the reefs for barracuda, mackerel, kingfish, or bluerunners from a skiff with a sail and outboard motor. Best of all is the hunt over the shallow banks for the greatest of all sporting salt-water game, the bonefish (world record: 13¾ lbs.).

For wing shots, the Out Islands offer virgin possibilities. At Andros there is unrivaled dove shooting, but lesser morning and evening flights occur throughout the islands. A large concentration of ducks gather in the lakes of San Salvador and Cat Island lagoons. Everywhere shore birds abound. Although the Bahaman Government discourages the use of firearms, permits for their use can be got from the nearest "King," as natives call the British Commissioners. Since the Out Islands break the British colonial custom of having a tennis or golf club in every settlement, these sports are limited. Those who must have their hour of hard exercise can solve that problem by laying a cement or wooden paddle tennis court — 60 x 30 feet. On islands, paddle courts have advantages: low first cost with local labor; no upkeep and quick drying surface; bats without gut; and the right size for an acre "estate."

Too much has already been

written about the swimming off the pink beaches of the Bahamas. Everything can be taken for granted except the sharks. As tropic waters go, those of the Out Islands rank high in safety.

Since living *on* the country requires hard work and living *off* it is vagrancy, wise islanders allow plenty of leeway in making up their yearly budgets. On the better Out Islands, Abaco, Harbour, San Salvador, or Spanish Wells, a comfortable eight months season for two persons will average \$1000. The principal expenses will be \$350 for food, \$250 for power and fuel, \$120 for a full-time maid, \$40 for a part-time gardener-handyman, and under \$10 for the yearly rental tax on a house. That leaves \$240 for Nassau trips and incidentals. Omission of such items as amusements, clothing, doctors' bills, and travelling expenses to the United States for the summer is no oversight. These items are the reason why prospective islanders should have fixed incomes of at least \$1800 per annum.

In the Out Islands of the Bahamas where days have no tempo Nature — the tides, rainfall, and sunshine — governs breakfast hours, cuts out luncheons, and delays dinners. Only experience

can suggest the variations of an eight months season. There will always be potluck meals of canned meats, peas and rice, and local vegetables when meat supply boats from Nassau are overdue. There will be those important letters that don't get opened or answered for weeks because of more pressing "conferences" with local fishermen or the "boy" who's building the new rock garden. Swimming and paddle tennis will vie for a spot on a day's sporting agenda that might also include fishing and shooting. The rare rainy days may be spent in writing pieces that don't sell. Keeping up with the world through current magazines or reading detective stories at bedtime is made more exciting through the absence of newsstands and rental libraries. Fighting a ten-pound bonefish is always an event but it becomes an epic while a portable radio blares excerpts from *Die Götterdämmerung*. Then there's battenning down for the out-of-season hurricanes that never come and the arrival of Spring with money left in the bank to pay the U. S. income taxes. Finally, and best of all, there are those many incredibly wonderful days when, instead of passing the time, you just sit and let time pass you.

SLOT MACHINE KING

BY SAMUEL LUBELL

ONCE upon a time there was a Chicago newsboy who was smart, worked hard, and made millions of dollars. Not satisfied with selling tea and coffee for \$12 a week, he toiled nights in his room and invented a tricky sort of machine. When he died forty years later he left \$400,000 in property and the largest business of its kind in the world, today reported to be worth \$10,000,000. The lowly beginnings are there, and the obstacles overcome, but actually this is a Horatio Alger story in reverse. The morals are all cockeyed. For our hero is Herbert S. Mills and the machine that brought him from rags to riches was the notorious One Armed Bandit slot machine.

You know the Bandit, of course. Outwardly it resembles a cash register. On its right side is an arm-shaped lever. Near the top are three spinning reels with brightly-colored symbols of fruits, bars, and bells. You put a nickel into the slot, yank the lever, and set the reels whirling. If three bar symbols line up you get the jack-

pot. Through three generations the Bandit has remained basically unchanged, unequalled in separating players from their money. For the privilege of operating Bandits, innumerable slot-machine wars have been waged, dozens of men killed.

Mills really didn't invent the Bandit. That laurel belongs to Charlie Fey, a German-born mechanic, now seventy-eight, who lives in San Francisco. But Mills made the Bandit an international menace, and in doing so changed the pattern of American social, political, and business life.

Seeking a legitimate front for his gambling machines, Mills pioneered in all sorts of coin-operated equipment. He set the pace for the penny arcades, the profits from which helped launch the motion picture industry. More than any other single person, he made possible this century's advances in automatic merchandising, the changes in methods of selling hundreds of items from candy bars to handkerchiefs. Today the Mills

Novelty Company, with three factories and 1500 workers, dominates the legitimate coin machine business, as well as the making of gambling machines. Mills inspired a system of bribery and corruption that touched virtually every major city in the United States. He made his gambling machines a neighborhood institution, putting them in drug stores, filling stations, groceries, candy stores. Women and children, as well as men, were drawn to them. Any number of states and several foreign countries had to tighten their gambling laws because of Mills. But so firmly did he build that today the industry he fathered still furnishes more than 1,000,000 Americans with all or part of their incomes. Few men have touched the lives of so many people, but because Mills was shrewd enough to shun the headlines, his story has never been told.

Herbert Mills was ten years old when his family moved to Chicago from De Witt, Iowa, where he was born. He was small for his age and curly-haired. When he began selling newspapers his sissy-like appearance provoked the taunts of the bigger newsies. Herbert would fling himself upon his tormenters in blind rage. He never forgot those childhood scraps. Years later he

outfitted a gymnasium in his twenty-room mansion and hired a professional prize-fighter to teach his four sons how to box.

His father, Mortimer B. Mills, was something of an inventor — several of his safety devices still are used by railroads — and young Herbert was forever puttering about with machines. In 1889, when he was nineteen, he invented a gambling contraption which he called Three-For-One. It had three tubes. You dropped a penny or nickel in the slot. If it rolled into one tube you got three coins for your one; if into either of the others, you lost.

Herbert induced a cigar store dealer at LaSalle and Madison Streets to try the machine. The first week it netted \$18. Comparing that with the \$12 a week he was getting as a tea and coffee salesman was a simple matter. Herbert quit his job and the modern slot machine industry was born.

Mills' swift rise to fortune cannot be traced in detail, as his operations, hovering on the fringe of the law, were cloaked in secrecy. With his brother Cecil, he next invented the Owl, an improvement over the Three-For-One. The Owl proved a surprising success, but its fame was eclipsed by the Dewey which Mills brought out at the

height of the Spanish-American war hero's acclaim. The Dewey consisted of two circular discs of varied colors. One disc revolved, the second remained stationary. When the colors matched up the machine paid out several coins. The highest award on a nickel play was two dollars, when pictures of the Admiral lined up. Apart from its gambling appeal, the Dewey was an impressive sight. It was massive, standing about five feet tall with lots of flash and color. Ornate, intricate figures were carved into the woodwork. A saloon without a Dewey lacked class. Today when Hollywood producers try to recapture the setting of that gay, wicked era they always include a Dewey.

As the profits from the Owl and Dewey poured in, Mills spread his operations into the legal coin-machine field. It was the penny-arcade era and soon he was known as the "arcade king." He produced more than three hundred different machines, "peep" movies, grip testers, breath blowers, weight lifters, fortune tellers, and music boxes. He ran his own string of arcades, stretching from New York to Minneapolis. The "Poor Man's Club," he called them. Their entrances were ringed with blazing arc lamps and their interiors

ranged with row after row of penny and nickel machines. In many cities Mills arcades were the first establishments to use electrical displays to draw in customers. A lover of music, Mills devised one instrument that brought him international acclaim. This was the "violano virtuoso," which combined the tones of a piano and first and second violins. The Patent Office hailed it as one of the greatest inventions of the time. Kaiser Wilhelm bought one.

II

The exact date of the Bandit's birth remains a matter of dispute, for Charlie Fey never patented his machine. He made his first Bandit by hand in the cellar of his home and put it out in a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront, splitting the owners in on the take. So popular did it prove with sailors that Fey built perhaps twenty more, all by hand. Soon the cellar of his home was jammed with nail kegs brimming with nickels and quarters. Fey's assistant, it is said, quit his job because Fey wanted him to go through the kegs and take out all the five-dollar gold pieces that had been dropped in the machine by mistake. The assistant thought this was too much trouble.

In time one of Fey's Bandits disappeared. Several weeks later it turned up in the Mills factory in Chicago. Mills sent out for five dollars in nickels. He then had his ace mechanic remove the back of the machine. The mechanic squatted on a stool watching the Bandit's mechanical action while Mills pumped in the nickels. Mills noted how he involuntarily held his breath when the three spinning reels came to a halt, one at a time. Where the Dewey had one revolving disc, here was a triple-action machine! In something like twenty minutes Mills was putting his last nickel into it. He turned to look at his score of winners. He was out almost two dollars. Fey's Bandit took a player's money about twice as rapidly as the Dewey!

The mechanic removed the reels and studied the arrangement of symbols. There were ten on each reel with just one combination that was good for the top award. As the reels whirled the odds against hitting this combination didn't seem too great. Actually, since they increased geometrically with each reel, they were 1000 to 1. Mills immediately saw how he could increase those odds, yet leave the player feeling he had a better chance to win. Say he put twenty symbols on a reel and cor-

respondingly had six jackpot bars scattered on the reels. The player would be comforted by the whirl of winning symbols, but properly arranged the odds against him could be raised to 2000 to 1 — the odds for present-day Bandits. But what really fired Mills' imagination was the fast play of the Bandit. It took only five or ten seconds to lose a nickel. Speed of play in gambling machines is like quick turnover to retail merchants. Mills figured out that the Bandits could pay for themselves in thirty days.

With such swift operation the Bandits could be run for brief periods and got out of the way before they were detected. Better than that, if the "right people" were fixed, three or four months play could be guaranteed. Then, if reformers began howling about the machines, the police could destroy them. The machines would have paid their way and smashing them would clear the market for new ones. The scheme couldn't fail. Mills geared production to police raids. His worst enemies, the anti-gambling crusaders, helped keep his factory going. The San Francisco earthquake and fire destroyed easily \$100,000 worth of Bandits, but Mills recouped the loss in a few months. Charlie Fey, whose machines were also de-

stroyed, never made his own Bandits again. After the fire he bought them from Mills.

How much bribery and corruption went into "merchandising" the Bandits cannot be estimated, but it was national in scope, involving millions of dollars and hundreds of cities. Thousands of politicians had their campaigns financed by Bandits. The machines appeared before or after elections, ran for two to three months and then disappeared. Generally deals were made with the majority party. Minority parties were usually led by reformers. When the history of American politics for the first thirty years of this century is written, the One Armed Bandit will be listed as one reason why those in power held sway as long as they did. From the outset, Mills shipped Bandits to Canada, Mexico, Europe, South America, and the Orient. He built up a thriving foreign trade for American slot machines, still carried on with about sixty countries. Some nations like France and Mexico found the Bandits too menacing and banned them.

Mills strode through life as he sold newspapers, with a chip on his shoulder. He liked to drink, and whiskey made him profanely belligerent. He would pound tables,

curse friends, battle with strangers. He wore smart clothes, a diamond stickpin, and a \$1,000 diamond ring. Once in a Chicago saloon he was "rolled" for the ring. The next day, when the news got around the underworld that he owned it, the ring was returned. In 1907 Mills was convicted on an obscene literature charge — the only time the law ever caught up with him. In prison he used his wealth to gain himself favors, but he did not forget fellow convicts. His prison charities cost him thousands of dollars. When his sentence was over friends whisked him to a huge banquet. Mills was so deeply touched he wept at the table. A banquet was just the thing he would have thought up himself; he enjoyed feasting people. But for all his enjoyment of life he wanted something different for his sons. He always shielded them from the shady side of his business.

The prison sentence proved no deterrent to Mills' prosperity. In fact, indirectly it led to an ingenious refinement in the system by which the Bandits were being operated. Anxious to keep as close to the law as possible and desiring to insure greater stability for his business, Mills began working on dodges that would permit the Bandits to be run legally. He

"sold" gum and mints through the machines. Some machines paid out in metal checks which were good "for amusement only." Others told fortunes. In theory the player paid his nickel not for a chance on the Bandit but for the merchandise or "amusement." The effect of these dodges was to raise a legal doubt whether the Bandits were gambling machines.

As soon as these new Bandits reached the market, lawyers appeared in courts all over the country arguing for temporary injunctions to restrain the police from seizing them as gambling machines. Bribed judges granted the injunctions willingly; many honest judges were tricked into doing likewise. With the perfection of the injunction racket — every major city had its injunction-wise lawyer — the manufacture of Bandits was stepped up to unprecedented levels. Where once Bandits had been confined to saloons and cigar stores, the injunctions made it possible to set the machines in all public places. As they became more accessible women and children succumbed to the lure of the spinning reels. The number of Bandits being operated rose during the 'twenties to easily 500,000, and perhaps twice that many. The take of the machines mounted into millions.

But Mills had succeeded too well. Gangsters machine-gunned one another for control of the slot-machine business. School children gambled away their lunch money, and in many communities irate mothers smashed the machines. The depression brought minority parties into power and disrupted the system of political fixes. It also focused attention on the rising "take" of the industry and soon slot machine operations were being branded as "the meanest of all rackets," because they extorted dimes and nickels from those least able to afford it. Almost everywhere law enforcement was tightened. The injunction racket was smashed by laws making possession of the machines illegal. Only a sudden boom in phonographs and pin-ball games, and the steady progress of automatic merchandising, kept the industry going.

Mills never lived to see this. In 1929, while wintering on his yacht off Miami, he suffered a paralytic stroke and died the next day. Old-timers in the business argue today that if Mills hadn't died when he did the Bandits never would have fallen on evil days. They say that "the Commodore," as Mills liked to be known, was always far ahead of the fellows who were trying to put him out of business.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

NOTE on international affairs culled from the San Francisco *Examiner*:

LADY can bring peace to Europe. Need financing. Box 19387. Ex.

SAN DIEGO scores again in the relentless competition for the Higher Things, according to the local *Union*:

Bonham Brothers' Mortuary are proud of their new "Singing Hearse." Complete in every detail, it features such innovations as an "automatic leveler" which keeps the body of the hearse level regardless of the unevenness of the terrain, an automatic electric table that runs out either side with the casket to enable pall bearers to assume their positions all at one time. For cemetery burials a public address system plays organ music automatically while ceremonies are being conducted.

CONNECTICUT

THE Hartford *Newsdaily* has decided to get away from it all. In announcing temporary suspension of publication, according to the AP, the paper stated:

The terror of lightning warfare has violently disturbed the tempo of newspaper publishing, even of life itself. In order that the young *Newsdaily* may adjust itself physically, thoughtfully to a wider sphere of influence in the

safeguarding of our democratic liberties, this newspaper will not publish its next issue until the first week in September.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE learned *Congressional Record* offers a pertinent commentary on the fathomless mysteries of the human mind:

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. SUMNERS of Texas. No, I cannot yield. I do not mean to be discourteous to my friend. If I act with seeming discourtesy during this discussion, I do not mean it at all. I am speaking extemporaneously, and of necessity under great concentration, with my mind thinking, selecting, disconnectedly, and doing all the things it must do, it seems to forget its manners and is constantly embarrassing me. I shall not do as well as some of you might, but let me stumble along as best I can.

IDAHO

EVERY man a general at least, in Boise; from the local *Capital News*:

Frank G. Ensign, right eminent grand commander of the Grand Commandery of Idaho, in company of Walter Bristol, past grand commander of Lewiston; Robt. Snyder, grand generalissimo of the Grand Commandery of Moscow; Wm. Bellomy, past grand commander of Pocatello; Wm. Wallin, past grand commander of Pocatello,

and Dana Wood, generalissimo of Gate City commandery of Pocatello, will leave Saturday to attend the Grand Encampment of Grand Commandery of the U. S.

OREGON

POETICAL exhortation to optimism and Christian charity by the Portland Chamber of Commerce, in its *Bulletin*:

Do you know there's lots of people
Sittin' round in every town,
Growlin' like a broody chicken —
Knockin' every good thing down?
Don't you be that kind o' people,
'Cause they ain't no use on earth.
You just be a booster rooster —
Crow an' boost for all you're worth.
If your town needs boostin', boost 'er;
Don't sit back and wait to see
If some other feller's willin';
Sail right in — this country's free.
If you see some feller sailin'
Toward the iceberg o' distress,
Chop on steam an' go a runnin'
'Fore he sounds his SOS.
If you know some feller's failures,
Just forgit 'em, cause you know
That same feller's got some good points;
Them's the one you want to show.
Hand yer bouquets to the livin',
Do it now before we part;
Smilin' faces often cover
Up a tired an' achin' heart.
Cast yer loaves upon the waters.
They'll come back, that sayin's true;
Maybe so they'll come back buttered,
When some feller boosts fer you.

PENNSYLVANIA

A BIOLOGICAL slip is noted by the Brockway *Record*:

(THE MERCURY will pay \$1 for items accepted for Americana. Those which are not used cannot be returned.)

Due to an error, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Phillips are the parents of a GIRL, born Thursday morning in the Mercy hospital.

IN OTHER UTOPIAS ENGLAND

As the Nazi bombs fall, a letter to the London *Times* from Scotland takes note of more serious hazards:

Even in Edinburgh I saw girls who were so unabashed as to smoke in trolley cars.

GERMANY

THE latest Nazi-revised Mayers *Konversationslexikon* notes a trifling peculiarity of Cocos Islands natives:

The inhabitants already had, before the arrival of the Europeans, a considerable education and a certain refinement in the social customs, but were addicted to cannibalism.

MEXICO

PROGRESS of democracy below the Rio Grande, as summed up by General Avila Camacho, Presidential candidate, and reported by the United Press:

I am completely satisfied with the low number of dead and wounded among the 20,000,000 population of Mexico. I am taking into consideration that in the United States thousands of persons are killed or wounded when a railroad train is derailed or wrecked.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Days of the Locust

THERE came out of Italy not long ago a war rumor calculated to arrest a naturalist's attention: that Germany was developing, as an instrument of war, a breed of new and terrifying grasshoppers — grasshoppers of even vaster voracity than any species hitherto — and that the Reich proposed to loose these insects in incalculable hordes over the fields and farmlands of the enemy. German experts were of the opinion, said the rumor, that the grasshoppers would in a few hours or days strip the enemy countryside of every growing thing, thus neatly and with Nazi efficiency reducing the enemy populace to prompt starvation and forced surrender.

It is not possible to say how much truth there may have been in this fantastic tale. In a war in which parachute soldiers have plummeted down from the sky like so many grotesque goshawks, and tanks have run faster than deer, no rumored military device is entirely incredible. There is no reason in the nature of things why grasshop-

pers could not be turned to military use. There is no reason in the nature of things why one more creature of earth, one more natural resource of our planet, cannot with ghastly perversion be enlisted in Homo Sapiens' bloody campaign of killing and enslaving and degrading his own kind. The earth itself has been so used, and the waters under the earth, and the air above it. This department has now and again concerned itself with earth and sky and water, and perhaps now is as good a time as any to concern ourselves with grasshoppers — now while they are still only little chirruping creatures of the sunny summer fields, and not yet an instrument of war.

It is in July and August, when the meadows are white with daisies and yarrow and feathery duchess-lace, that there arise in the egg-tubes of a female grasshopper the germ cells from which will come her progeny. Most of the birds, except goldfinches and the cedar waxwings, have done now with their nesting; most of the mam-

mals have reared their litters months ago. But now in this hottest time of the year, when cicadas drone hidden among the dusty leaves and even garter-snakes withdraw their sinuous bodies deep into cool rock-crannies to escape the sun, it is the grasshoppers' mating time. Among the meadow grass stems now, male grasshopper seeks out female and their horny insect bodies lie clasped together in copulation. Then they part, and once more go about their foraging for food and fluttering in the sun. Their lives, like butterflies', are short; like butterflies, the grasshoppers mate only once.

Grasshopper eggs may be as many as fifty or a hundred. Fertilized, they form into a cohesive mass, and a kind of glutinous jelly covers them. The female grasshopper has crept down now from the grass-stalk tips and wild aster tops where she usually perches, and explores the protected earth at the base of them. Presently, finding a soft place, she arches her body and thrusts her ovipositor into the ground. When she has succeeded in inserting it to the depth of an inch or so, the eggs are voided and the ovipositor withdrawn. The little mass of future grasshoppers safely buried, covered by the soil to a depth insuring that no storm can

wash them to the surface, the female goes her way.

Many insect eggs hatch very quickly: housefly eggs within twenty-four hours; those of mosquitoes in three days. The hatching of grasshopper eggs is very slow. All during the rest of summer and the fall, all during the ensuing winter, the eggs lie buried in the earth among the grass-roots. Snow lies over them, and the earth is hard with frost, but in their tiny subterranean chamber the eggs are not harmed. It is not until the following spring that they burst open and out of each issues the young grasshopper called a nymph.

II

The metamorphosis of a grasshopper is direct. Out of a hatching butterfly egg comes a caterpillar, a creature that must pass through still another life-stage — pupation — before final transformation into an adult butterfly. Similarly, it is a worm-like larva that hatches from a fly egg, or a May beetle egg, or the veined egg of a luna moth. But the nymph that comes out of the grasshopper egg looks very like a grasshopper. Save that its head is a little disproportionately large, and it lacks wings, there is small difference between it and the male and female

whose coupling the previous summer brought it into being. It is ready from the time of birth to go about the matters of grasshopper-life, except for flight, and it immediately begins enormous feeding.

Its mouth is a pair of flaplike lips, labrum and labium, and a pair of powerful grooved grinding mandibles. There are also auxiliary jaws, maxillae, to hold the food in place between the grinders. Into this apparatus the grasshopper takes bits of leaves clipped from their stems, and sheared off shoots. Prodigiously it eats and digests, its way of doing so being not much less intricate than a man's. There is a process of salivation while the food is being chewed, changing the starch to glucose; there is a passage of the swallowed food into an esophagus and a stomach and an intestine; ultimately there is the voiding of the grasshopper's feces through its rectum. The great, flaplike lips work nearly incessantly during the daylight, and the volume of food-intake is immense.

As complex and as efficient as its feeding and digestion are the grasshopper's other processes as it clambers among the weed-stalks. With countless-faceted compound eyes it receives a minute mosaic picture of the universe, and with a further trio of simple eyes — ocelli

— it apprehends degrees of light and darkness. By tiny jointed filaments on its maxillae and labium it detects the subtle differences in odor of tansy and vervain and blue-weed, and is enabled to make delicate taste-distinctions as it goes about its feeding. Similar tiny filaments give it accurate tactile awareness of its world. Thin membranes on either side of its abdomen are delicate enough to receive waves of sound, and by vibration to transmit them, giving the grasshopper at once a kind of ear and speech. A complex system of tracheae constantly carries oxygen from the outer air to every part of the grasshopper's body, and constantly through the more than one hundred ducts of the Malpighian tubes are carried off the body-wastes that in a greater beast would be excreted by the kidneys. As the grasshopper swings from a grass-blade tip or explores a yarrow flower, it is equipped for life as completely, in its fashion, as any of the much larger creatures with which it shares the planet. It sees and hears and breathes and feeds, even as these do, and it has as well an equipment which most of the others lack: a tough chitinous covering, a hard cuticula to protect its vulnerable body.

The passing days of the grass-

hopper are marked by no great events. As it grows from nymphhood into an adult, it sheds its skin periodically as a caterpillar does, emerging from each molt with a slightly changed body structure until at last it has the full-sized four wings of adulthood — the tough, leathery forward ones, the hind ones thin and membranous. It takes to the air then, achieving a curious skittering flight by virtue of the fact that while the fore-edges of its wings are firm and stiff the rest of the membrane tilts downward when the wings are raised and upward when they are lowered. The grasshopper is able to cover a greater feeding-range now, and on occasion it may join with others of its kind in an enormous migratory horde. For the rest, it has few activities but clambering among the grass-stalks, scraping its front and hind wings together to make a rasping music, and presently, in the hot days of July or August, coupling with another grasshopper to bring about the perpetuation of its race.

Such is the story of the grass-

hopper, the life-history of the sturdily equipped, voracious insect which man has had painfully to learn to understand and to combat in order that his race might be able to coinhabit with it a cooling star on which there is a limited supply of fodder. Such is the insect which, according to rumor, the experts of the Reich are proposing to loose upon the enemy's countryside.

There is no way of knowing how true the rumor may be. There is no way of knowing whether the sound of war may one day cease to be booming cannon and exploding bombs and become instead the rustling of myriad little leathery wings and the concerted pattering of myriad little hairy legs. It is an odd thought that human populaces now stand a chance of going down to death, by the deliberate intention of their fellow-men, to the accompaniment of that ghastly sound which men have labored for ages to banish from the earth — that strange and terrible drone of ravaging grasshopper-hordes which can sound, says the prophet Joel, like the noise of a flame of fire.



THE LIBRARY

A Handful of Novels

BY BURTON RASCOE

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON will be eighty-three years old come October 30. Her new novel, *The House of Lee*,¹ begins: " 'Anne is a bitch,' said Miss Lee, in her clipped college accent."

Don't jump out of your chair and into the conclusion that Mrs. Atherton is indulging in any such innocent whimsey as did the Victorian novelist who began her novel with the famous opening line: " 'Hell!' said the Duchess, who up to the time had taken no part in the conversation." As it happens, Mrs. Atherton is such an excellent craftsman that she would never use any form of speech that did not inevitably grow out of the nature of her characters in the predicament or situation in which they found themselves; nor would she use any device of language which did not contribute to our understanding of the character she was presenting. Anne, in the novel, *is a bitch*.

¹ \$2.50. Appleton-Century.

During a literary career extending over a period of fifty years, Mrs. Atherton has published forty books of fiction, history, biography and essays; of these some thirty-odd have been novels, of which two — *The Conqueror* and *Rezanov* — are indubitable classics of American fiction and doubtless will be read long after many of the widely-touted novels by the young masters of the day. Her most recent story seems destined to become her most popular one since *Black Oxen*. It has to do with three generations of women in the same household in San Francisco and with the courageous and spirited way in which they faced reality when tragedy and adversity came with the Great Depression and left them penniless and handicapped with a large, heavily taxed home in the fashionable residential district. The central characters are a grandmother, affectionately nicknamed "The General," her daughter, and a granddaughter just out of college.

There is also a Chinese cook, whose English is irreproachable but who speaks pidgin when the occasion requires in order to please the young folks.

Mrs. Atherton's heroine (in this case "The General") is always a strong-willed, somewhat scandalous, but essentially feminine woman, whose contempt for feather-brained society women and their catty conventions is equalled only by her low general estimate of the boobs in pants who set themselves up in offices and call themselves financiers and businessmen. I doubt if one can really understand the plight of the migratory workers of California unless one has read Mrs. Atherton's depiction of San Francisco's upper crust. It is made up of a third generation of financial overlords, most of whose wealth has been inherited. They actually know little about how the money comes to them, and they have been so busy acquiring polish and culture and forgetting that their grandfathers were sourdoughs or hard-bitten land-grabbers that they are utterly dumbfounded and tragically incompetent to start the economic wheels running once the machinery has stopped. They don't know how to get down to brass tacks. "The General" does. Here, therefore, is an entertaining novel,

full of sub-acid comment on contemporary events and contemporary manifestations of human nature, which is at the same time a really hard-boiled woman's challenge to present day defeatism and almost universal panhandling.

There is a nervous intensity in the prose of Albert Maltz; he has a sense of credible character rare among those novelists who try to adhere rigidly to the Communist Party line; and he can write a novel designedly full of "social implications" which you will not willingly lay aside once you have begun it. But, in the very competence he displays, there is something altogether too pat: the death of the communist hero, which should have been made a tragedy that is felt by the reader, becomes like the murder in a mystery story: you are not moved by it but merely interested in how it was contrived. In fact, the whole scheme of *The Underground Stream*,¹ which is a novel of the conflict between the underground communist labor organizations and the goons of capitalism in the Detroit automobile factories, is built along mystery story lines and touched up with erotically titillating passages which might have been contrived by a too-

¹\$2.50. Little, Brown.

assiduous student of the fiction of John Myers O'Hara.

In fact, the story opens with the bitter sense of amorous neglect on the part of a young woman whose husband is always running out on their mutual days off from work to secret organization meetings and is always too tired when he comes home. Soon there is introduced a bruiser who is personnel manager at an automobile factory, an extrovert, a killer, a resourceful employer of gunmen, and a collector of women who right away gets a consuming yen for the beautiful daughter of a piddling financial bankrupt, formerly big shot in the auto game but busted in the crash and now an organizer of the Black Legion, a sadistic and vicious gang of Ku-Kluxers pledged to harry the working classes and extirpate all aliens. Mr. Maltz gets interested in how Jeff, the goon leader, got that way, having his communist hero pitying Jeff, rather liking him and speculating on why Jeff was on the side of Capital instead of on the side of Labor, in which class his origins, long and miserable experience with poverty and unemployment, and his lack of schooling would naturally place him. He even brings them together in an ideological discussion. But then Mr. Maltz forgets about his psy-

choanalysis of Jeff in his ingenious and exciting story of how his hero was trapped. Indeed, he even forgets that he has built up such a dramatic problem in Jeff's pursuit of the society girl that by literary right it requires a solution which he fails to give: we never know whether Jeff's caveman stuff worked with the girl or not. The young communist couple come very warmly to life: you can even understand the religious fervor of their devotion to the communist cause. The other characters are set-ups.

Although I dip into every mystery yarn or whodunit story that comes along, I rarely get beyond the first chapter of any of them because I haven't one of those great minds, like Chief Justice Hughes' and Winston Churchill's, which find relaxation in the ordinary run of tales of that species. I make this statement neither as a boast nor in apology; I simply state a fact: the general run of such books bore me. When I do come across a fiction of this *genre* which keeps up my excited interest to the end, I am prompt in passing along news of my discovery to others like myself who are not crime-stuff addicts but who like a good story, well told, even if it is a fib about murder or sleuthing.

Therefore it is with genuine fervor that I say that *The Death of Lord Haw Haw*¹ by Brett Rutledge and *Inquest*² by Percival Wilde are, so far as I am concerned, the berries. My wife, after I finished reading *The Death of Lord Haw Haw*, wanted to know what the book was, saying she had not been able to get a word out of me the whole evening; and when she started reading it, she got so worked up about it that she got to believing it was a true inside story and, right in the middle of it, had to get the car and drive down to the pier where the Normandie is tied up and check on the lay of the land around there which is the scene of most of the mysterious doings in this yarn about Lord Haw Haw. (As an aid in creating the illusion of reality, the book is illustrated with authentic photographs of the scene of the Nazi agents' machinations.)

The tale is based upon an American newspaper correspondent's theory, developed in Paris, that the famous Nazi propagandist (thought to be a British traitor and friend of Sir Oswald Moseley) really broadcasts from New York, although he has a double in Berlin. The fun is in following the ingen-

ious devices and peregrinations of the amateur sleuth in proving his theory. I must say, however, that while reading the novel I was dogged by an ineluctably strange (but probably entirely incorrect) suspicion that this highly entertaining yarn might be a diabolically clever piece of Nazi propaganda. And I'll tell you why. The number of short-wave radio owners in this country is comparatively small and the number of owners who listen to Lord Haw Haw (because his broadcasts reach New York at very bad hours) is probably minute. Many have heard of Lord Haw Haw but few over here, I imagine, know what he has been saying that has allegedly disturbed British morale so deeply. The pseudonymous author of this yarn has either transcribed a great number of these broadcasts or has cleverly imitated them — and every one set down in the book is a startlingly accurate exposé and criticism of the Tory leaders in England. The choice of telling bits placed with recurring force throughout the book seems a bit too effective to have been wholly accidental.

The Percival Wilde yarn is a whodunit of genuine literary merit. The story is told largely in the form of testimony at a coroner's inquest; and it rises far above the

¹ \$2. Random House.

² *Ibid.*

average mystery story in that it contains real character drawing instead of the usual cardboard figures, and the motivations are sound.

The Importance of Being Ernst

Morris L. Ernst's *Too Big*¹ is one of the most self-contradictory books I ever read. Mr. Ernst has two principal theses: (1) that bigness is the curse of American life, that not only are great industrial enterprises such as General Motors, Du Pont, Woolworth, The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., United States Steel, General Electric, etc., a social as well as an economic evil, but that evil also lies in the bigness of cities like New York and in a Federal government with as much centralized power as ours has; and (2) that our system, which permits one man to hold directorates in many enterprises, results not only in evil but in inefficiency and mismanagement. Then there is a collateral thesis that the heads of the big enterprises are digging their own graves, because the government will inevitably have to take them over if these big enterprises do not voluntarily break themselves up into small units. But if the Federal government is already

so big as to be a social and economic menace, what will it be after it takes over all the big industrial enterprises?

Mr. Ernst singles out Sewell Lee Avery as a "consumer boss," to show how large a dominion may be that of one American and "one not so well-known" and "not the most overdirectored American businessman." Mr. Avery, according to Mr. Ernst, has eight jobs, as follows: Chairman of the Board of United States Gypsum; Chairman of the Board of Montgomery Ward & Co.; Director of Northern Trust Co., Chicago; Director of People's Gas, Light & Coke Co., Chicago; Director of Pullman, Inc.; Director of Pure Oil Co.; Director of Armour & Co.; Director of the Chicago *Daily News*; Director of The United States Steel Company.

But look at the jobs Mr. Ernst himself is supposed to hold down and perform. Mr. Avery would seem to be as lazy as Stepin Fetchit in comparison with Mr. Ernst, some of whose jobs are as follows: Member of the law firm of Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst; President and Director Faun Realty Corp.; Director Consolidated Tool Works, Inc.; Director the *Nation*, Inc.; Treasurer and Director American Fund for Public Service; Member New York State Banking Board;

¹\$2.75. Little, Brown.

Secretary and Treasurer of the Guild Committee for Federal Writers' Publications, Inc.; Director William Morrow & Co.; Trustee of the City Club; Member of the Board, Town & Country School; Member Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal Commission; Council and Board Member, American Civil Liberties Union; Drafter of Legislation for Governor Lehman on insurance and banking; arbiter for Mayor La Guardia in strikes; Member of the Board, Heywood Broun Memorial Fund; Co-author, 1928, *To The Pure*; Co-author, 1930, *Censored*; Co-author, 1931, *America's Primer*; Co-author, 1932, *—Hold Your Tongue*; Co-author, 1934, *The Sex Life of the Unmarried Adult*; Author, 1937, *Ultimate Power*; Co-author, 1940, *Censor Marches On*; Author, 1940, *Too Big*; and, according to Mr. Ernst's biographical sketch of himself in *Who's Who*, "contributor to magazines and encyclopedias" and "lecturer before women's clubs and colleges." He omits to state that he is also a frequent performer on radio programs, both those which pay guest performers and those which do not.

If the likes of Mr. Avery are a menace, Mr. Ernst is a hydra-headed monster who, to support his thesis, should begin to chop off

some of his own necks he has stuck out so far. He could very well start in by lopping off his activities in writing books of this kind.

THE CHECK LIST

NON-FICTION

GUNS OF THE FRONTIER, by William MacLeod Raine. Illustrated. \$3. *Houghton, Mifflin*. Mr. Raine, one of the most delightful and veracious writers of Western stories, here gives us a debunking and authentic account of the careers of such bad men, gunfighters and peace officers of the West as Sam Brown, George Parrotte, Wyoming Frank, Wild Bill Hickok, the Daltons, the James brothers, Ben Thompson, Doc Holliday, John Selman, Tom Smith, Big Bill Tilghman and Bat Masterson. Most of the famous killers, including Wild Bill Hickok, Raine reveals, were murderous cowards, rarely participating in a fair fight; but there were exceptions like Ben Thompson, who appears to have been a most extraordinary dead-shot, largely because he was never flustered but slow and deliberate in his aim. There was nothing glamorous about any of the outlaws and all of them came to ignominious ends.

THE CIRCLING YEAR, by Frederic F. Van de Water. \$2. *John Day*. Essays for each month in the year, each with an intimate, personal touch, about the characteristics of the month and the daily life of a writer-farmer and his home in Vermont, including an amusing account of one of those famous town-meetings peculiar to New England. Stuff to make the city wage-slave terribly discontented with his lot.

LASSIE COME-HOME, by Eric Knight. \$2. *Winston*. Illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse. The legion of dog lovers will take this story of a faithful collie so much to their hearts that it probably will become a classic of canines just as *Black Beauty* became a classic

of horse stories. Lassie considered her job to be that of guarding a small boy on his way to and from school, so when she was taken hundreds of miles away to the Duke of Rudling's estate in the north of Scotland, she made her way back to her post of duty.

TWENTY YEARS' ARMISTICE: 1918-1938, by William Orton. \$2.50. *Farrar & Rinehart*. A political and economic history of Europe since World War I, in which the author analyzes the factors which led to the present debacle, among which he includes not only the rigid provisions of the Versailles Treaty and the scrapping of the Locarno Treaty but the mistaken optimism which led the United States, Great Britain and France to grant millions in loans and credit to Germany at the beginning of Hitler's rise to power.

THE MAN VERSUS THE STATE, by Herbert Spencer. \$2. *Caxton*. Timely reprint of perhaps the most lucid and cogent philosophical statement of the case for individual liberty that was ever written. First published in 1851, it has been long out of print and exceedingly hard to find even in modern libraries. Albert Jay Nock, a true Jeffersonian democrat and one of the best informed and most stimulating essayists living, contributes an introduction which is a concise statement of the two fundamentally different theories of government in Britain, the Liberal and the Tory; and he shows how American Liberalism differs from British Liberalism and, in fact, tends toward Tory statism which, if unchecked, may lead to totalitarian statism like fascism or communism.

DEFENSE FOR AMERICA, edited with an Introduction by William Allen White. \$1. *Macmillan*. This anthology of pronouncements by such interventionists as James Bryant Conant, Rabbi Wise, Rupert Hughes, Henry Sloane Coffin, Charles Seymour, Grenville Clark and Lewis Williams Douglas, together with the aid-to-the-Allies views expressed by the President prior to July, was undoubtedly designed to be used not merely

to further the cause of the interventionists but as a bit of Roosevelt third-term campaign literature. But something happened and the President threw the book into the ash-can by announcing to Congress that, as long as he had anything to say about it, no American troops would ever be sent to take part in Europe's wars.

THE NEGRO IN VIRGINIA, compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the W.P.A. in Virginia. \$2.50. *Hastings House*. This is the first state history of the Negro ever published and it is a most thorough, valuable and interesting job. The product of many hands, Negro and white, it is so brilliantly edited that it reads as though it might be the individual work of a singularly competent historian. It deals with every phase of Negro life in freedom and slavery. Here are Negro folk songs, excerpts from slaves' letters, and a veritable anthology of short but vivid comments on Negro life in Virginia during the past 300 years. Copiously illustrated with old prints and modern photographs, marvellously well reproduced.

WHITE WATER AND BLACK MAGIC, by Richard C. Gill. \$3. *Holt*. This is no doubt a highly important book from the pharmacological point of view. It is an account of the author's successful search for and inquiry into the secrets of the marvellously curative herb-brews used by the Indians of the Upper Amazon. Mr. Gill's greatest feat was learning how to make curare, a deadly poison used for killing game, but which is also a cure for spastic paralysis and is used by the Indians in other pharmaceutical ways. Curare, which Mr. Gill succeeded in making after gaining the confidence of the witch-doctors, is now being used in experiments with the convulsive-shock therapy in the treatment and cure of dementia praecox, manic depressive psychoses and melancholia, as well as in spastic paralysis. Mr. Gill has done a great humanitarian service. It is to be regretted that he writes so elliptically about his probably extraordinary adventures, and it is also to be regretted that the photographs, of which there is one to al-

most every page, are either so bad or so badly reproduced that you can't make out what most of them are supposed to be of — and there are no captions to tell you!

HEALTH IS WEALTH, by Paul de Kruij. \$2.00. *Harcourt Brace*. An important work, dramatic and informative. It is the story of a plan, sponsored by and drawn up by the most eminent medical and health men in the country, to save the lives and build up the health of the people; and of how that plan was ignored and dismissed by Harry A. Hopkins and the President. It offered no opportunity for federal patronage on a large scale or on any scale; it was not a spending program but a self-liquidating, money-saving program; and the Administration had up its sleeve a vast patronage and money-spending program called the Wagner Health Bill, the appropriation for which was apparently to be dispensed by Harry A. Hopkins, an "economist," Miss Josephine Roche, Chairman of the Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities, and Lee Pressman, lawyer of the CIO. The Hopkins-Roche-Pressman plan was defeated by the embattled doctors of the AMA. The plan de Kruij tells of in this book is not necessarily defeated, as de Kruij seems to think. The people can change the situation any time they want to.

YOU BE THE JUDGE, by Ernest Mortensen. Illustrated by Alain. \$3.75. *Longmans*. Laymen usually confuse Law with Justice, because they think abstract justice should be obtainable under the law. What they mean is that when they go into court they ought always to win. They think their personal interests, their prejudices, even their affronted egotism and vengeful feelings represent Justice. Such components don't even represent the Law, which is represented only by whatever interpretation of what is called "admissible evidence" is put upon that evidence, according to whatever rules he happens to remember, by a judge who may be either pure or corrupt, feeling well or suffering from a hang-over. Or by whatever inter-

pretation is put upon the evidence by a jury of twelve men, some of whom may be such intransigent disagreeers that they wear down the other jurors into agreeing with them on a verdict in which they do not themselves believe. Mortensen, a lawyer, has examined the court records for examples of every conceivable litigation you may get into. Using them as case histories, he shows you just what you may expect, including surprises. A book every layman ought to have.

RICHARD HALLIBURTON: His Story of His Life's Adventures, edited by the publisher. \$3.75. *Bobbs-Merrill*. An admirable selection of the romantic traveler's letters, telegrams and radio messages from the age of twelve until he and a crew of eleven went down with the Halliburton-designed Chinese junk, *The Sea Dragon*, somewhere in the Pacific, some time after March 24, 1939. To the five or ten million people who have vicariously experienced high adventure and Byronic travel through Halliburton's books, newspaper and magazines stories and lectures, here is the personal, practical, intimately human inside story of their hero's struggles, disappointments and triumphs. To those who found Halliburton's writings juvenile, mawkish and superficial, this book will come as a fascinating surprise and revelation. An often pathetic but very human story of will, courage and determination, triumphing over natural handicaps, discouraging rebuffs and defeats; of a young man making a highly successful, if brief, career out of a kind of work for which he was, by nature, not in the least fitted.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY

MAIN TIDES, by Wilbert Snow. \$2.00. *Holt*.

THE GAP OF BRIGHTNESS, by F. R. Higgins. \$1.25. *Macmillan*.

LET EACH MAN REMEMBER, by Josephine Jacobsen. \$2.00. *Kaleidograph*.

AN AMERICAN IN AUGUSTLAND, by Elliott Coleman. \$2.00. *U. of North Carolina*.

NOVEMBER HEREBOUT, by Amy Murray. \$2.00. *Holt*.

THE OPEN FORUM

WHERE PREPAREDNESS SHOULD BEGIN

SIR: I think you went too far in your editorial, *America in the War Zone*, in your July issue. I think also that you will welcome correction.

(1) It is true that raw, half-trained, bewildered boys were herded on transports during the World War. It is true because they had had little or nothing to train with. Most of them had never had finger on the trigger of a military rifle. My artillery brigade got four worn-out three-inch guns in April, 1918, and sailed for France in July. Four guns are the complement of a battery. A brigade is composed of three regiments, each having six batteries, or forty-eight guns to the two light regiments, and twenty-four howitzers for the heavy regiment, a total of seventy-two guns for the brigade.

But almost immediately after we landed in France all were supplied with guns on beautifully appointed ranges for use. Horses and transports presented quite another problem, but every division that went overseas was supplied in France with up-to-date guns, except only the Infantry which had to use the inferior British rifle instead of the American Springfield. These divisions were kept in training until they were sufficiently seasoned to meet and overcome any enemy force.

(2) The only unprepared men who were slaughtered were a number of replacements (not belonging to any division) who were rushed overseas and immediately sent into the battle line during the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

You are entirely wrong when you say that the Armistice saved hundreds of thousands of amateur soldiers from slaughter. The Germans were completely mastered when the Armistice came, and ripe American divisions were being fed in for pursuit in enormous

number. They were thoroughly trained. What worried General Pershing was that none of these troops, on the average, had one-half of the transport required by the Organization Tables for effective action, and furthermore, there were too few regiments of engineers, so that the roads to the front and rear were in a deplorable condition. But please remember there would have been no "slaughter" of anyone except the Germans, if the pursuit had been continued after the day of the Armistice.

(3) What you call a stupid blunder (to start training firemen after the fire has started) has got the cart before the horse. The criminal blunder would be to do what we did in 1917, when we sent hosts of civilians into army camps where they had to lie around practically a year without anything to do except fatigue and close-order drill without guns. They did not even have broomsticks. We should see to it now that no civilian is sent to an army camp until the equipment and the instruments he is to use have been provided for him.

FRANK B. FOX
First Lieutenant, Captain
310th Field Artillery, A.E.F.

Philadelphia.

~

A CORRECTION

SIR: I was very much surprised to note, in the article on PM in your August issue, that you listed me as a director of that paper. For your information, I resigned from that office on March 5, and have had no connection with that paper in any capacity since.

DANIEL J. MCCARTHY

New York City.

AH, WILDERNESS!

SIR: Mr. Larry Nixon's article *You Can Have a Forest Camp*, in your July issue, gives advice and makes suggestions that must be disturbing to any lover of our American wild life. I doubt whether Mr. Nixon or those administrators of forest areas, State and National Parks, who favor the type of project he describes, have thought the matter through.

Let us first look at this matter from the point of view of the individual investor. When he has invested \$2000 in such a camp he feels more or less bound to return to it for all of his summer vacations, and what begins as a happy enterprise is likely to end as a rather burdensome duty. Besides, the person who can afford to spend only \$2000 for a shack or summer camp is almost sure to be a person who can afford only two or three weeks at such a camp. Is it worth while?

But there is a more important aspect of this problem. Our wild areas are fast being turned from delightful recreational spots or unspoiled wilderness into what are nothing more nor less than summer slums. Three lakes within the boundaries of Ohio are good examples of this — Buckeye Lake, Indian Lake and St. Mary's Reservoir. The story of such a lake runs somewhat as follows: First it exists in its natural beauty as the Indian left it, known only to a few fishermen or trappers. Then the state or county improves the road to its shores. Then a real-estate development company buys the adjacent land, sells lots even as small as fifty-foot frontage along its shore line. Cheap and frowzy cottages of the sort Mr. Nixon would like to see spread over the whole American wilderness are erected. Hot-dog stands, cheap hotels, beer-parlors, dance halls with their pestilence of juke boxes, arrive. Speed-boats roar about the lake, disturbing fish, frightening away shore birds. All wild life in the vicinity is killed or driven away, and so it goes until all real nature lovers avoid the place as they would a pestilence.

As a result of the building of flood-control and power dams, many new lakes are being created in the United States. These, if their

shores are re-forested and protected, can have recreational value even exceeding their value in terms of power. In addition, many new national parks and forest reserves are being established. Judging by the rapidity with which the love of outdoor life is growing in the American people, we still have not half enough. The very last thing we should contemplate doing with them is to lease one foot of their area for the erection of shacks, cottages or private structures of any sort. The chief attraction of a wilderness area is its unspoiled natural beauty and solitude.

RALPH REED, M.D.

Cincinnati,
Ohio.



MISS WINNIE DAVIS

SIR: I was dismayed recently when a very elderly gentleman who has been my friend a long time ridiculed my article, *Daughter of the Confederacy*, in your May issue. He laughed at the idea that Winnie Davis and Alfred Wilkinson were more than casual acquaintances, or that Winnie could have been interested in anybody but a Southerner. A few days later I found the enclosed item in the "Fifty Years Ago" column of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* of July 7, 1940.

CRADDOCK GOINS

Jackson,
Mississippi.

(Enclosure)

NEW YORK — Miss Winnie Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States during the Civil War, arrived today on the steamer *La Bretagne* from Europe. She was met by her fiancé, Alfred Wilkinson, who escorted her to the residence of Mr. Latham in the Grenada Flat, where she will remain some time.



WARNING AGAINST HYSTERIA

SIR: I'm not certain just what a "sixth column" would be but I can visualize one being created in this country by hysterical

groups and confused individuals looking for "subversive" elements and "fifth" column enemies. In such a crisis as we are approaching, the person who can keep a cool head and go about his business with the least possible disturbance to others will be of greater help to the law enforcement and defense agencies of his country than those who see their patriotic "duty" in furthering the excitement and confusion that naturally accompanies a war emergency. He can see to it through his duly elected representatives that those professional service agencies are adequate, efficient and on the job. He can also play at being soldier by harmless parading, guarding bridges, culverts and railroad sidings on Sunday afternoon as he did in 'seventeen.

I sincerely hope that the AMERICAN MERCURY will oppose any and every effort at creating "defense units," "vigilance groups," or "home defense companies" except those established by law under trained and competent direction of military authorities and law-enforcement officers. We can make our country strong by working in cooperation, not by fighting among ourselves and taking advantage of hysteria for furthering our own selfish ends and ambitions. That "sixth column" of Americans can be just as dangerous and destructive to the institutions we hold dear as any "fifth column" of the enemy.

MAURICE H. REID

*Mamaroneck,
New York.*

PLUS ÇA CHANGE —

SIR: So the *Daily Worker* has been "sold" to American citizens. That, presumably, will take it off the State Department's registry of foreign agencies. Presumably, also, if the Federal government should begin getting tough with the agencies of totalitarian regimes, the privately owned *Daily Worker* would now be immune. A bright formula which will fool no one, except possibly the government officials — officially — precisely as it was intended to do.

R. A. C.

New York City.

SIGNED: IRATE TAXPAYER

If some day I should be found dead
I only ask no tears be shed,
For then I'd be forever free
From bureaucratic slavery
That to the grindstone holds my nose
And keeps me wearing shiny clothes.

No, at the age of forty-eight
My time is thirty years too late;
I am no longer having fun,
Because I'm kept upon the run
By politicians who despoil
The earnings from my daily toil.

Time was, when Georgius Tertius reigned,
Americans such things disdained
As having minions of the Crown
Come in and smack the people down.
Where are the men of yesteryear,
G. Washington and P. Reverer?
And those who told His Majesty
What he could do with his taxed tea?
What led that independent host
To be replaced by C. Milquetoast?

By what strange power are we subject
To visitations from elect
From Albany and Washington
From early morn to set of sun
Who challenge figures in our books
With implications we are crooks?
Must we by such be ever bit
With no one to bring in the Flit?
If this is what we have to face
For every future year of grace,
Just let my coronaries close
And expedite that sweet repose.
(Please bury me with thumb to nose.)

If mayhap at some long, long distant day
There come some future elegizing Gray,
He might reflect that in this quiet grave
A freeman lies who used to be a slave;
Who goes about no more in shiny britches
Because of bureaucratic theft of riches.

RAMSAY SPILLMAN

New York City.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

LYMAN ANSON is a former naval architect turned writer. His first book, *Alaska Challenge*, in collaboration with Ruth and Bill Albee, has just been published.

ALBERT BRANDT is a German professor who left Germany when Hitler came to power. In the World War he received the Iron Cross but repudiated it as a protest against war.

MORTIMER H. COBB, an authority on deep sea fishing, has a winter home in the Bahamas. He is an Associate Editor of *Cue* in New York, in charge of sports and travel.

ALAN CRANSTON worked in Rome and other foreign capitals as correspondent.

GEORGE CREEL headed President Wilson's Committee on Public Information after America entered the World War. Recently he served as chairman of the San Francisco Regional Labor Board and as chairman of the National Advisory Board of the WPA. Among his published works are *The War*, *The World and Wilson*; *Sam Houston*; *Tom Paine—Liberty Bell*.

CLARK FOREMAN is chairman of the Committee on Economic Defense of the American Council on Public Affairs. With Joan Raushenbush he has written a book on *Total Defense* which Doubleday Doran will bring out this Fall.

CLIFFORD FUNKHOUSER was brought up in a railroading atmosphere, his father having been with the Santa Fé for fifty years. After twenty years as a newspaperman, he now lives on an Illinois farm.

T. F. HEALY, the Irish author, is now in the United States and contributes articles and fiction to many magazines.

SAMUEL LUBELL is a newspaperman and correspondent whose articles have been appearing with increasing frequency in national periodicals.

JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY has frequently appeared in our pages. He has published three volumes of poetry.

J. P. McEVoy is one of the country's most versatile and prolific writers of plays, scenarios, articles, comic strips, verse, etc. His most recent book is *Father Meets Son*.

CLAUDE MCKAY, one of our most gifted Negro writers, will soon publish a volume on Harlem. It will be his sixth published book.

BORIS SHUB writes extensively on foreign affairs, particularly about Russia.

ROBERT AURA SMITH, who was stationed for eight years in the Far East as a correspondent, is now on the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. Viking will publish his *Our Future in Asia* in a few months.

LOUIS STODDARD lives in Esperance, New York. His verse has appeared in many national magazines.

JESSE STUART, who has frequently contributed stories and poems to the *Mercury*, has recently published his first novel, *Trees of Heaven*.

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(Continued on page 126)

Recorded MUSIC

Schubert — Unfinished Symphony in B M
(Victor Album G-9, \$3.25). Very satisfactory recording of a notable performance by *Br* Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, in the new Black Label series is at lower prices. Regardless of cost, one of best of about twenty editions published date.

Tschaikowsky — Suite from the Nutcracker
(Victor Album G-5, \$3.25). This is a performance by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eugene Goossens, recorded with an admirably plangent realism. Like the *Unfinished Symphony* noted at it stands as a peer with the best of its competitors at any price.

Beethoven — Symphony No. 3, in E
"Eroica," Op. 55 (Victor Album G-2, \$6.00). Sloppy playing by a Symphony Orchestra under the unbelievably hurried direction of Albert Coates, very badly recorded. Precious; but perhaps valuable as a curiosity.

Liszt — Orpheus, Symphonic Poem No. 1
(Columbia Album X-165, \$3.50). More sincerely felt than the bulk of Liszt's music and orchestrated with real resourcefulness. The *Orpheus* — here recorded for the time — has not enough distinctive thematic material to sustain interest more than five minutes. Howard Barlow and the CBS Orchestra do well enough with ungrateful work, and the recording is somewhat below the modern average.

Beethoven — Leonore Overture No. 1, Op. 131
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talents of Arturo Toscanini, here conducted the BBC Orchestra.

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Liszt-Busoni — Spanish Rhapsody (Columbia Album X-163, \$4.50). Even with the aid of Busoni's neat orchestration, the *Spanish Rhapsody* is still a work rewarding only pianists. Its showy qualities are well displayed by Egon Petri at the keyboard, with early support from the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. A first recording, competently done.

Beethoven — Violin Sonata No. 5, in "Spring," Op. 24 (Columbia Album M-\$5.00). The most fluently melodious of composer's ten works in this form, played by Jeno Lener (violin) and Louis Kentner (piano) with ingratiating and convincing art. Excellent recording makes this preferable to any previous edition.

Schumann — Three Romances for Oboe, 94 (Columbia Album X-160, \$3.50). Things are not pretty enough to be so. The talents of the great oboist Leon Goossens are hardly needed for their exhibition; he has exhibited them nevertheless with expected skill, aided by Gerald Moore at the piano. A definitive edition.

Debussy — La Mer (Victor Album \$6.50). One of the most beautifully balanced of orchestral recordings, and a finished bit of the formidable resources of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky, in a pretentious work vital enough to have had its marine and musical value put for thirty-five years.

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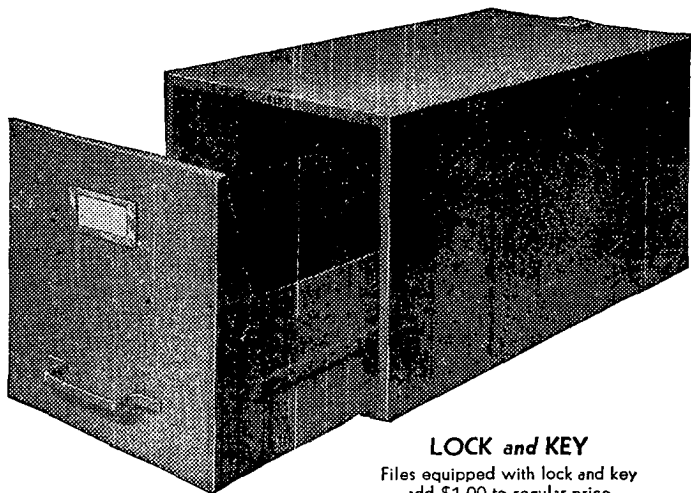


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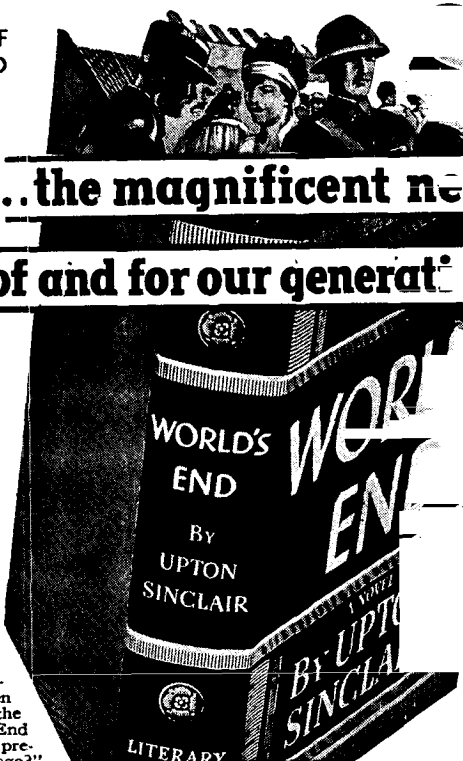
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